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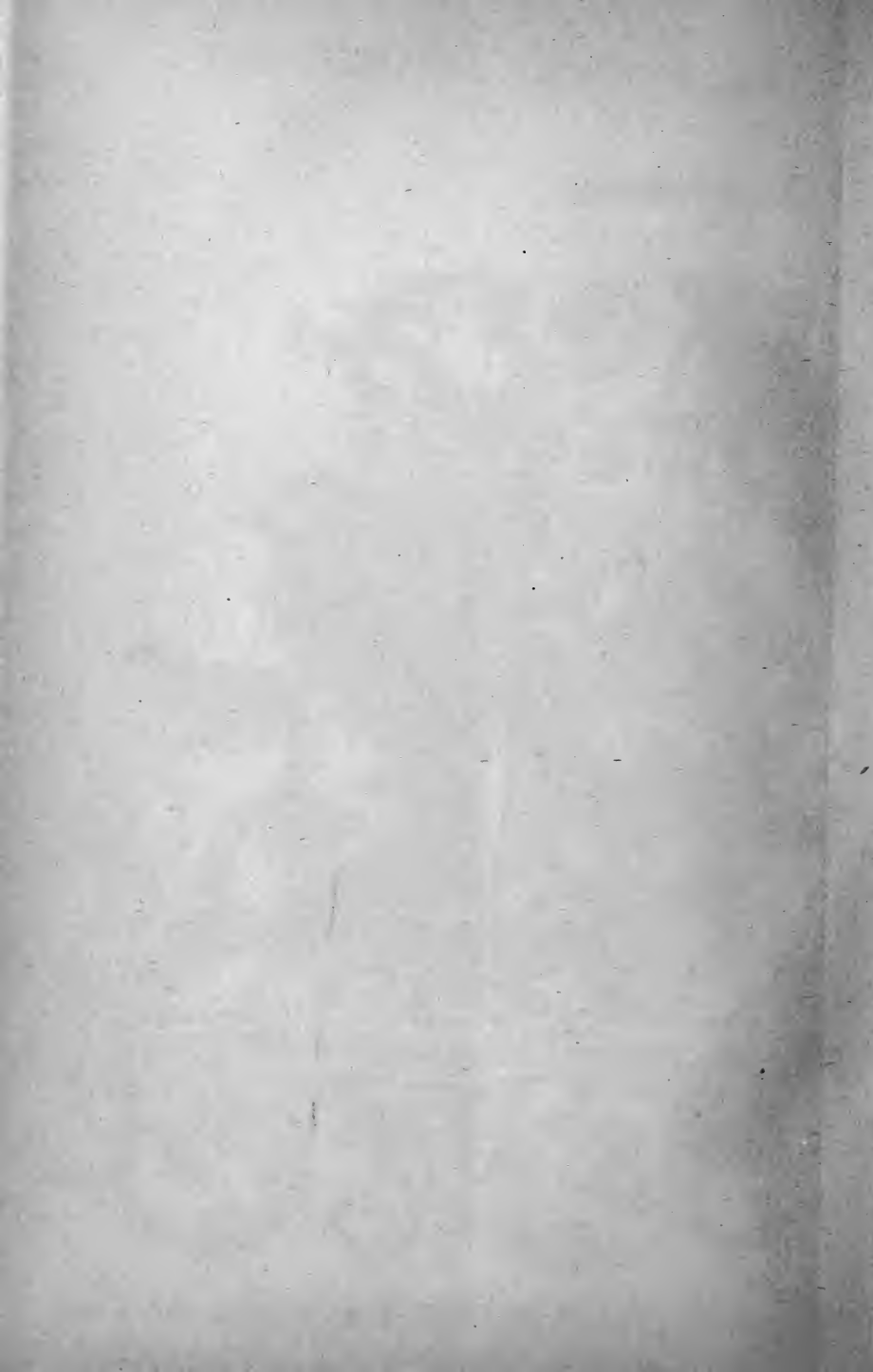
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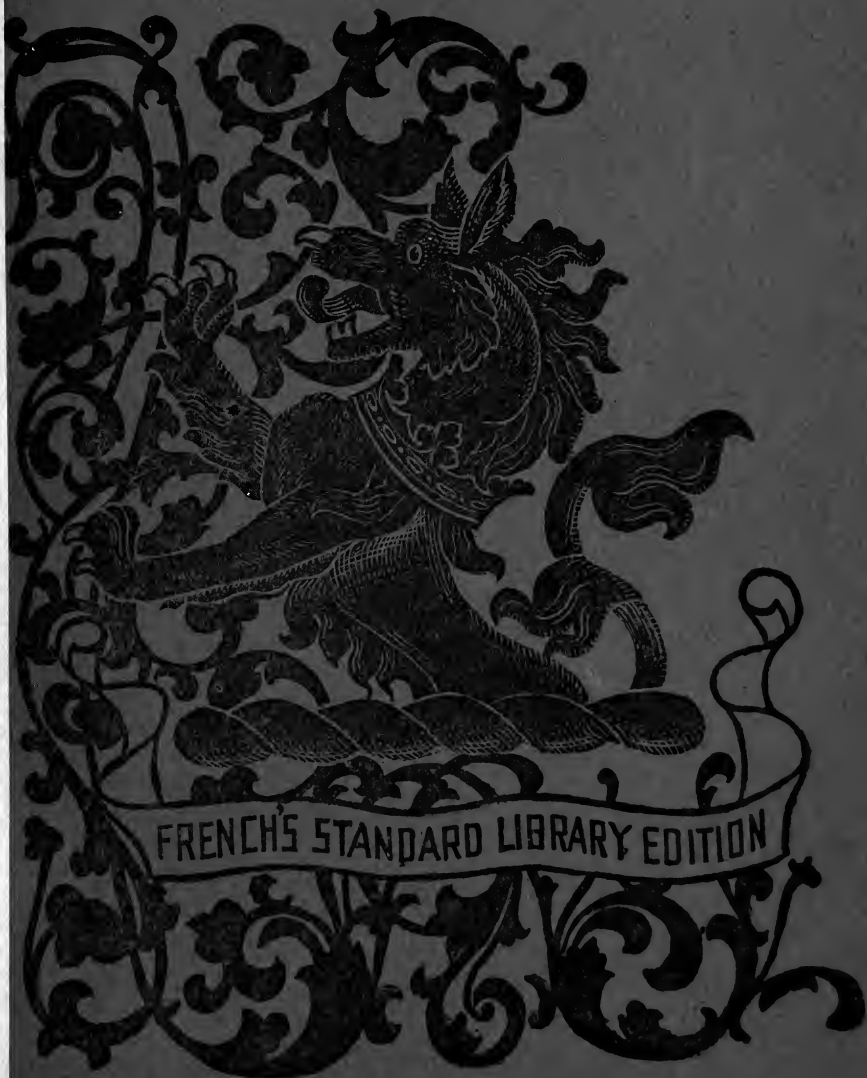




The Royal Mounted

BY

RECIL B. DEMILLE



SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th St., New York



The Royal Mounted

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

BY
CECIL B. ^{Went} DE MILLE

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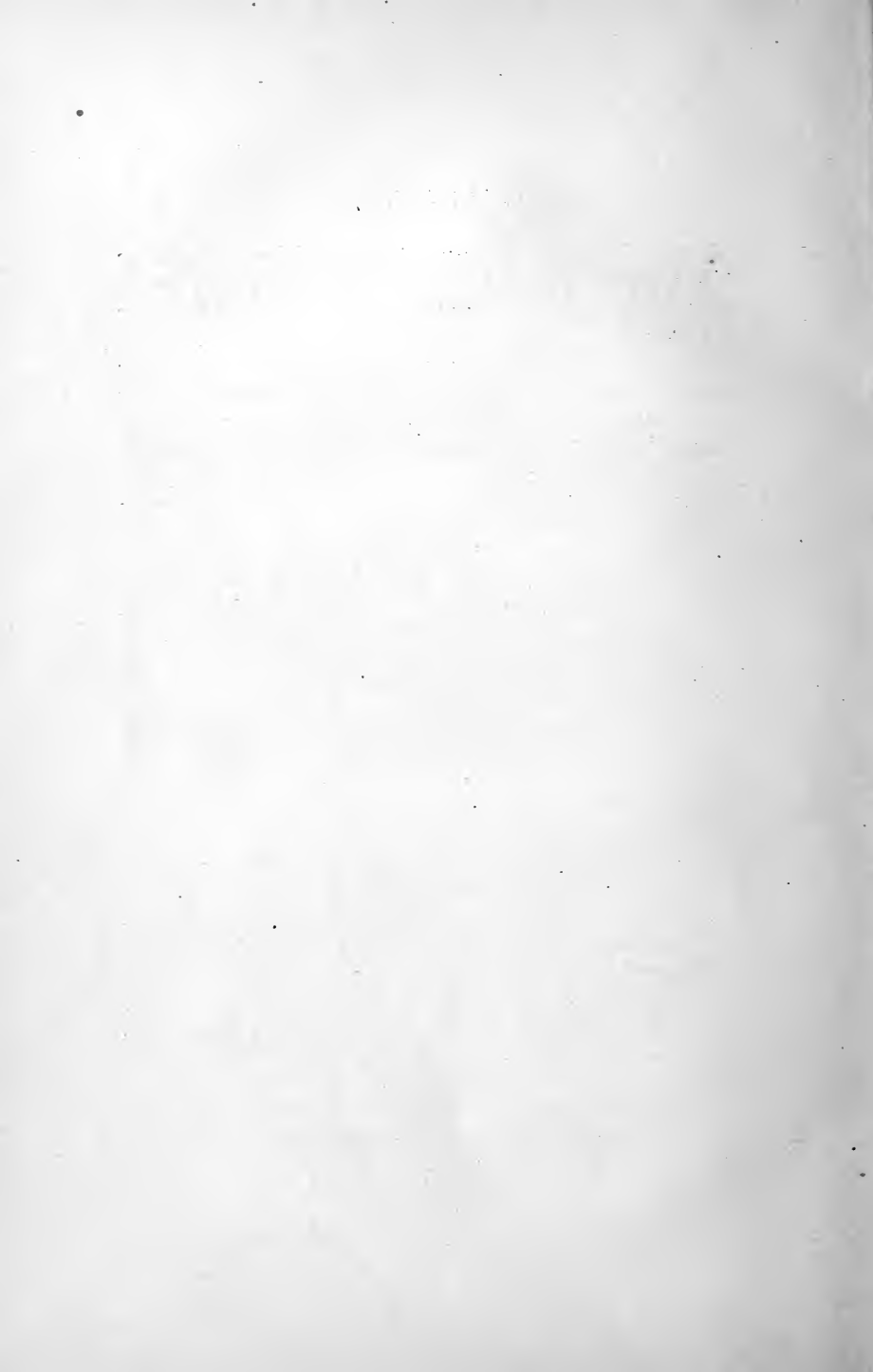
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Act of March 4, 1909.

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The Royal Mounted

ACT I

SCENE: *Mounted Police Headquarters at Calgary, Alberta, Canada. A room, plain but well furnished. Maps, etc., cover the walls. A large flat-top desk c. with chair behind and on each side of it. R. against wall, a small table littered with papers. Chair before it and screen around it. Doors R.I. and L.I. Windows back R.C. and back L.C. showing buildings beyond. The room has the appearance of military headquarters, rather than police. DISCOVERED:—AT RISE, MAJOR BUCKLAND, commanding officer, writing at desk c. He is a portly man of fifty-five or sixty; gruff in speech but polished in manner. ORDERLY L.C. below desk, standing at attention, looking very much bored. Both are in the uniforms of the C. N. Mounted. BUCKLAND busy with maps, etc.*

BUCKLAND. (*Rings bell*) Have Sergeant O'Brian awakened.

ORDERLY. Is he asleep, sir?

BUCKLAND. Don't ask questions, sir—do as you're told. See that Mr. Arnold gets these descriptions—(*Hands papers*)—of that girl from Russell's No. 13 camp. Tell him to have a man at the train to watch her when she gets in. He knows the rest.

ORDERLY. Yes, sir. (*Takes papers—starts to go—gets idea, turns back*) Have you seen the Indian that Sergeant O'Brian has just brought in, Sir? He's three times as large as Mr. O'Brian. He could kill him with one hand, I should think.

BUCKLAND. Don't think.

ORDERLY. No, sir. (*Going behind chair and leaning lightly on it*) I beg pardon, Major, I wish some day you'd give me the kind of work Sergeant O'Brian gets.

BUCKLAND. First prove yourself as good a man as Sergeant O'Brian. Go out through three hundred miles of wilderness as he did. Arrest and bring back an Indian murderer as he has just done. Yes, sir, bring him back right through his tribe's own country—and then, sir, refuse to *talk* about it, except to say—"Here's your man, sir." Do something like that, young man, and then I'll listen to you.

ORDERLY. But I can't, sir, unless you give me the chance.

BUCKLAND. I didn't give O'Brian his chance—he took it.

ORDERLY. (*Edging a little nearer the MAJOR*) If you would give me the Jed Brown murder—the papers are very bitter this morning over our not getting him yet.

(READY PHONE)

BUCKLAND. (*Picks up paper*) Blow these reporters! What rot! (*Angrily*) How can we arrest him until we know who he is!!

ORDERLY. If you'd only put me on it, sir—

BUCKLAND. (*Angrily*) Now look here, young man—(*Sharply*—ORDERLY *backs quickly around L. of chair*)—just because the Mounted Police is com-

posed of gentlemen, it does not give you the privilege of carrying on a lengthy conversation with your officers.

ORDERLY. I beg your pardon, sir. (*Salutes, about faces, exits L.I.E.*)

(TELEPHONE)

BUCKLAND. (*Telephone rings. BUCKLAND takes receiver. Short and sharp*) Well—no—yes—I did—yes. The girl? Hold the wire— (*Consulting letter—opens drawer of desk—takes out letter*) About five feet four inches tall. Dressed quietly in dark skirt. Black fur coat and cap—red sash—black shoes and gloves—good figure—pretty and tanned. I do—yes— (*Hangs up receiver and turns back to maps. ORDERLY returns L.I.E.*)

ORDERLY. (*Coming L.C.*) A deputy sheriff from the States, sir.

BUCKLAND. Ever seen him before?

ORDERLY. No, sir.

MAJOR. I'll see him—(*ORDERLY starts to go L.*)—and Orderly—(*ORDERLY turns*)

ORDERLY. Yes, sir?

BUCKLAND. Did you wake Sergeant O'Brian?

ORDERLY. (*Smiling*) Yes, sir.

BUCKLAND. Well, go back and wake him again. (*ORDERLY glances at MAJOR in a very bored manner. Exit ORDERLY L.I.E. after HICKEY enters, L.I.E.*)

HICKEY. (*In doorway*) Major Buckland, I'm Hickey, U. S. Deputy. (*Enters*) My papers, sir. (*Hands MAJOR papers. ORDERLY exits*)

BUCKLAND. (*Glancing at papers*) Have a seat, Mr. Hickey.

HICKEY. Thanks. (*Sitting down L. of desk, turning chair towards desk, crossing his legs—tilt-*

ing chair back very comfortably) We'd like the co-operation of the Northwest Mounted Police in a little hold-up matter——

BUCKLAND. We're at your service, sir.

HICKEY. (*Crossing his legs—very much at ease*) These are the facts, Major: some months ago, a man held up a Great Northern Express train single-handed. He killed the express messenger and made his getaway with about twelve thousand dollars—partly in bills and partly in the new gold eagles—you know—the one with feather pants on the Rooster——

MAJOR. You mean the new issue?

HICKEY. Yes.

MAJOR. They shouldn't be difficult to trace.

HICKEY. Well, we haven't found any trace of them yet. But we followed his trail for about forty miles north, then lost him in the mountains.

BUCKLAND. Too bad you hadn't O'Brian to put on his trail.

HICKEY. Oh, you mean Sergeant Devil M'Care.

MAJOR. I mean Sergeant O'Brian.

HICKEY. Oh, everyone calls him Devil M'Care.

MAJOR. I know, but I call him O'Brian.

HICKEY. (*Sitting straight and interested*) Well, he's the man I want to see you about. I thought perhaps you'd put him on this job with me—now.

BUCKLAND. I'm sorry, but we're just sending him out on an important case of our own. You know, the Jed Brown murder. But this man you're after—you don't know his name, do you?

HICKEY. From the descriptions we've had, we're sure it's Snake Butler.

MAJOR. Snake Butler, eh? Butler—Butler——(*Bus. with reward sheets*) Our Government's got a reward on him for something. He's caused you trouble before——

HICKEY. Well—just a few. We've heard that a man answering the description of Snake Butler came to Calgary last fall and went into one of the lumber camps up country; North Dakota's offering two thousand for him, dead or alive, and the express company, five thousand dead, and one thousand alive. That shows you the way *they* feel towards him. Now I've got a hunch that he's in one of Russell's lumber camps up on the Great Elk.

BUCKLAND. (*In deep thought*) One of Russell's camps, eh? What makes you think that?

HICKEY. Well—we suspect that Snake Butler was one of the gang, formed over on this side of the line, and that when a robbery is pulled off in the States, the man skips over the line and goes up to these lumber camps, where he is hidden by his pals. Now Russell's camps are the most out of the way and the toughest.

BUCKLAND. Yes—we're rather interested up that way ourselves just now—as I told you—the Jed Brown murder. While you're looking for *your* robber—you might keep an eye open for *our* murderer—we can help each other—

HICKEY. Sure thing—

ORDERLY. (*Entering L.I.E.*) Sergeant O'Brian's here, sir.

BUCKLAND. I'll see him at once. (*Exit ORDERLY—HICKEY rises to go L.*) I'm going to put O'Brian in charge of that country. He'll give you what help you need.

HICKEY. Thanks— (*Going L.*)

BUCKLAND. Just wait outside a moment. I want you to meet O'Brian.

HICKEY. Thanks—I will. (*Exit L.*)

BUCKLAND. (*Looks at maps again, then tapping on desk impatiently*) Well! Well! Well! (*Enter O'BRIAN L.I.E. in uniform—a young, handsome*

Irishman. He has a calm, placid manner when under excitement, and a manner of suppressed excitement when not warranted. He stands at attention and salutes. BUCKLAND returns his salute)
Aren't you a little late this morning, Sergeant O'Brian?

O'BRIAN. (L.C.) Ah, Major, you're all hard-hearted here—just think—only to let me sleep fifteen hours.

BUCKLAND. (C.) Fifteen hours!

O'BRIAN. Yes, sir—I only ask one hour's sleep for every day spent on the trail—oh—I'd figured it all out in my head—and so I calculated I wasn't due here till four o'clock to-morrow morning—
(*Peppermint candy business*)

BUCKLAND. What are you eating?

O'BRIAN. Peppermint—will you have one?
(*Offers bag*)

BUCKLAND. No, sir—put them up. Hm—you should be pretty well rested after fifteen hours—

O'BRIAN. Thank ye very much, Major, I am; I want the balance just for pleasure. Ye see it was the first time I've been in bed for five weeks and I never could get much sleep in the snow because I was afraid—

MAJOR. Afraid of what?

O'BRIAN. I'd wake up and find myself dead.

BUCKLAND. Bringin' back that Indian was a good piece of work, O'Brian.

O'BRIAN. Thank ye—kindly—it was—Major—I kept explaining that to the ugly devil all the way home—but I cou'nd't make him agree to it. (*Starts to eat peppermint*)

BUCKLAND. (*Noticing him about to eat peppermint*) Will you—?

O'BRIAN. Yes, sir, I will.

BUCKLAND. My boy, your greatest fault is that

peculiar something you probably imagine is a sense of humor.

O'BRIAN. Ah, Major—you've never lived three weeks with an Indian who couldn't see a joke, and whose one fond hope was to get a chance to stick a knife into you—and turn it 'round once for luck. Twenty-one nights in camp—with a graven image, tempting the beggar to smile—with the choicest bits of Irish humor—and all I could get out of him was the most disgusted expression you ever saw, and a couple of grunts—for knowing the old son-of-a-gun would be hanged when we got home, I tried to make the trip as pleasant as possible, but nothing could please that Indian. I believe he killed his squaw because she made him laugh. (*Peppermint business*).

BUCKLAND. (*Enraged at peppermint*) If you—

O'BRIAN. They're up, sir, they're up.

BUCKLAND. If you can give me five minutes' silence, sir, I want to have a little chat with you. Sit down.

O'BRIAN. Thank ye very much, Major, I will. (*Sits near desk*)

BUCKLAND. You have been in the service of the Northwest Mounted Police now—?

O'BRIAN. Three years and—

BUCKLAND. (*Sharply*) I wish you would let me talk, sir.

O'BRIAN. I will, sir—and two years before that in the Royal Irish Constabulary at home.

BUCKLAND. Don't you suppose I know all about you, sir? Now young man, listen to me and say as little as you can. But if I am misinformed, correct me.

O'BRIAN. With pleasure, sir—

BUCKLAND. (*Looks at him sharply*) In 1902 your father, Sir Gerald, disinherited you.

O'BRIAN. (*Half rises*) He did, sir—but directly against my advice—

BUCKLAND. Sit down, sir!

O'BRIAN. (*Sits sharply*) Thank ye very much— (*BUCKLAND starts to speak when O'BRIAN speaks for him*) Ye see he wanted me to marry a certain maider with a face like a drink of water—and plenty of money. I couldn't see it with his eyes—so he told me to go to the devil—and so I came over to you—hm—

MAJOR. Sir—

O'BRIAN. (*Rises*) That is, I enlisted, sir—

BUCKLAND. Stand at attention, sir.

O'BRIAN. I will, sir. (*He sits*)

BUCKLAND. I said "attention!"

O'BRIAN. Yes, sir. I was only doing that for exercise. (*Stands*)

BUCKLAND. Now possibly I can speak.

O'BRIAN. I hope so.

BUCKLAND. Sir Gerald disinherited you— (*O'BRIAN starts to speak*) I don't care why—so long as it does not dishonor you.

O'BRIAN. Thank ye kindly, Major. It does not.

BUCKLAND. (*Picking up a letter and glancing at it*) Your father has followed with interest and pride your splendid career here in the Mounted. In fact, he has somewhat relented.

O'BRIAN. But I still refuse to marry the girl with the watery face—

BUCKLAND. He will reinstate you as his son and heir—

O'BRIAN. The dear old boy—bless his old heart.

BUCKLAND. The day you receive your Lieutenancy in the Mounted—

O'BRIAN. Oh! Oh! I see—it took me three years to get my Sergeancy—it will take me three more to win my Lieutenancy.

BUCKLAND. It may take you only as many weeks.

O'BRIAN. Three weeks—oh, do say it again—go right on talking, Major—ah—Major—your voice has a soothing effect on me—— (O'BRIAN starts to take peppermint. Business, MAJOR) They're up, sir.

BUCKLAND. Good. Sit down. (O'BRIAN sits)

O'BRIAN. Well—I just got up——

BUCKLAND. Do you know the Great Elk Country near the Burnt Lakes; up by Russell's lumber camps?

O'BRIAN. Not very well, sir.

BUCKLAND. It's rough country, and the lumber-jacks up there are bad fighters.

O'BRIAN. Bad fighters. I've seen Russell's fighters when they've struck a town, and turned it upside down, inhabitants and all. Then they've drunk up everything in the town that was wet, excepting the water.

BUCKLAND. The men at the camp known as Russell's No. 13 are the worst of the lot.

O'BRIAN. Then I'll wager they're the best lumbermen.

BUCKLAND. Russell's No. 13 is situated near the head waters of the Great Elk.

O'BRIAN. Then it's the greatest country in the world to afford protection to a criminal; for I imagine that's the happy news you're about to break to me, Major.

BUCKLAND. Just so—about three months ago a lumberman named Jed Brown——

O'BRIAN. Jed Brown.

BUCKLAND. Working at Russell's Camp No. 13 disappeared. No one thought much about it at the time, as men often skip out without notice. But this man did not show up anywhere. *Now* the papers are taking the matter up and saying we are

not giving protection to the settlers and woodsmen.

O'BRIAN. The papers! Ah, Major, if the police were perfect, the papers would have to go out of business. (*Peppermint business*) Had the man drawn his pay?

BUCKLAND. No, which brings us to the conclusion that he was murdered and that robbery was not the motive.

O'BRIAN. Was he a good woodsman?

BUCKLAND. One of the best men in the camp.

O'BRIAN. Then he wasn't lost. If he has not come into any of the towns or camps, I should say murder. (*Rises*) Hard to believe, though, for a lumberjack always fights in the open.

BUCKLAND. The matter came to our notice some weeks ago while you were after your Indian. We sent Corporal Radley up to the camp disguised as a lumberjack. He's there now—waiting—

(TELEPHONE)

O'BRIAN. Radley's a good man. (*Turns up to maps on wall L. above door L.I.E. Phone rings. BUCKLAND answers it*)

BUCKLAND. Hello—yes—bring her here—Rosa Larrabee—yes—at once—be careful now, don't frighten her— (*Hangs up receiver*) As I was saying—(*Peppermint business*)—Corporal Radley is at the camp now. He has been unable to find the body or any c'ue to the murderer. (*O'BRIAN crosses down and sits*)

O'BRIAN. How long has Radley been at No. 13?

BUCKLAND. About ten days.

O'BRIAN. And has he found no trail at all in that time?

BUCKLAND. (*Business with letter on desk*) I have a letter here from Radley which says that a

girl, Rosa Larrabee, who lives with her brother Sam, near the lumber camp, has come down here to purchase supplies and clothing. I've sent for this girl. I am going to question her myself and I want you here, but not seen.

O'BRIAN. And not heard. But why does Radley want you to question this girl? What does he think she has to do with it?

BUCKLAND. She was the last one seen with Jed Brown, the murdered man.

O'BRIAN. Does he think she might know who did it?

BUCKLAND. It is reasonable to suppose that she may have some knowledge on the subject.

O'BRIAN. Rosa Larrabee—Rosa Larrabee—that sounds Irish.

BUCKLAND. What has Irish to do with this?

O'BRIAN. Major—ye'll never convince me that an Irish girl could have anything to do with a murder—

BUCKLAND. Nonsense! Now, this is the point. When you bring in the murderer of Jed Borwn you will receive your commission as Lieutenant of the Northwest Mounted Police—and you will again be Sir Gerald's heir.

O'BRIAN. Major dear, I'll have your man in two weeks after I get on the ground. You've put me in a good humor. It isn't that I care about being the governor's heir, because he's so poor—there's no money in that. But it's to be his son again that I want—the dear old boy! I'm tired of being an orphan— (*Peppermint business*)

BUCKLAND. (*Rings bell*) There is a man here from the States who has a story that may help you somewhat. (*Enter ORDERLY*) Mr. Hickey. (*Exit ORDERLY*)

O'BRIAN. Ah—the sight of Castle O'Brian would

look good to me again after being away six years. I don't know who this murderer is, and I'm sorry he's got to pay the price with his neck, but he's as good as before ye, Major. (*Enter HICKEY, followed by ORDERLY. O'BRIAN, rising, pushes chair back*)

BUCKLAND. (*Rises and takes a few steps R. O'BRIAN in front of desk*) Mr. Hickey, this is Sergeant O'Brian. I think if you gentlemen compare notes you may see a ray of light. (*HICKEY crosses C. to O'BRIAN*)

O'BRIAN. Glad to meet you, Mr. Hickey. Always glad to meet a brother bloodhound.

HICKEY. Thanks. (*Shakes hands*)

ORDERLY. Mr. Arnold has just brought the young lady in, sir.

BUCKLAND. Very good. O'Brian, move that screen down a little, will you? I don't want the girl to see you.

O'BRIAN. (*Moving screen down R.*) I'll go up to the camps as a sportsman. The man would run like a caribou if he thought the Mounted had taken the matter up.

BUCKLAND. Mr. Hickey, won't you join him? I want you to hear this. You may be of help to us up there.

O'BRIAN. Yes, do, Mr. Hickey—

HICKEY. Thanks—I will. (*HICKEY crosses R. and joins O'BRIAN behind screen*)

BUCKLAND. (*To ORDERLY*) Bring her here. (*The door L.I.E. is opened by ORDERLY. ROSA enters. ORDERLY exits. O'BRIAN and HICKEY are R. with screen between the desk and themselves. ROSA LARRABEE is a handsome girl of about twenty-four. She is dressed neatly and well, but plainly. She shows good breeding and education—but has the freedom of the wilderness. She is nervous and frightened, and like all woods creatures is very*

quiet. *She enters, stops, looks carefully about*)

BUCKLAND. Miss Rosa Larrabee?

ROSA, *(Nodding before speaking)* Yes.

BUCKLAND. *(Indicating chair r. of desk)* Sit down.

ROSA. *(Crossing)* This is the headquarters of the Mounted Police, isn't it?

BUCKLAND. It is.

ROSA. But—but why am I brought here?

BUCKLAND. Miss Larrabee, I don't wish to frighten you. But you are brought here in connection with a terrible crime.

ROSA. *(Rises)* Oh—a crime! There must be some mistake!

BUCKLAND. Now, don't be alarmed. Sit down. *(ROSA sits)* I only want to ask you a few questions— *(He waits for an answer, but, receiving none, proceeds)* Where do you live?

ROSA. In a cabin on the Great Elk.

BUCKLAND. Near the head waters?

ROSA. Yes.

BUCKLAND. How far are you from Russell's Camp Number 13?

ROSA. About a mile.

BUCKLAND. With whom do you live?

ROSA. *(Looking at him keenly)* Am I accused of—anything?

BUCKLAND. Why—no—I merely want some information.

ROSA. Then why have you got somebody behind that screen?

BUCKLAND. Eh? Oh, I beg your pardon! *(O'BRIAN motions HICKEY to go out and show himself)*

HICKEY. *(Stepping from behind screen, crossing to MAJOR)* Here is the list, Major. I beg your pardon.

BUCKLAND. Yes—yes—quite right. Thank you. Would you mind leaving this young lady and myself alone?

HICKEY. (*Crossing to door L.*) Certainly not. (*He turns at door*) I was so interested in my work I didn't hear the young lady come in. (*Exit L.2.*)

BUCKLAND. Miss Larrabee, how did you know there was someone behind that screen?

ROSA. In the silence of the woods we learn to feel.

BUCKLAND. You speak remarkably well for a woods girl. You evidently have a good education. Where did you get it?

ROSA. I was in a convent at Quebec for eight years.

BUCKLAND. Are you married?

ROSA. No. (*O'BRIAN laughs approvingly*)

BUCKLAND. Are your parents living?

ROSA. No.

BUCKLAND. Then with *whom* do you live?

ROSA. My brother—Sam Larrabee.

BUCKLAND. *How* do you live?

ROSA. My brother is a guide and trapper.

BUCKLAND. Is it safe for a woman to live in that region?

ROSA. It's safer for a woman than for a man.

BUCKLAND. (*Quickly—leaning forward*) Why do you say that?

ROSA. The lumberjacks respect a woman.

BUCKLAND. Are there any other women up there?

ROSA. One.

BUCKLAND. Who is she?

ROSA. The sister of one of the French Canadians. She does the men's washing.

BUCKLAND. (*Apparently busy with papers*). Do you remember the seventh of February? (*Rosa*

raises her eyes to his face for a moment, then drops them)

ROSA. Seventh of February?

BUCKLAND. Yes!

ROSA. What day was that?

BUCKLAND. Sunday.

ROSA. No—I—I can't remember dates.

BUCKLAND. You don't remember going for a walk on that date?

ROSA. No.

BUCKLAND. You said you didn't remember the date.

ROSA. I don't.

BUCKLAND. Then how do you know you didn't go for a walk on that day?

ROSA. Well—possibly I did.

BUCKLAND. Did you know a man named Jed Brown?

ROSA. The one that was lost in the woods? Yes.

BUCKLAND. The one that was murdered.

ROSA. I didn't know they knew what became of him.

BUCKLAND. Well—suppose we *say* he was murdered—you must know that camp pretty well. What reason would *you* give for the murder?

ROSA. Well, he—he wasn't popular.

BUCKLAND. That is the *only* reason you could give for his murder?

ROSA. I—I don't believe he was murdered.

BUCKLAND. What do you think became of him?

ROSA. I don't know. (*Almost angrily*)

BUCKLAND. Did your brother know him? (*ROSA raises eyes to his face, drops them again, then speaks very quietly*)

ROSA. Yes.

BUCKLAND. Where did *you* last see him?

ROSA. We went for a walk together.

BUCKLAND. That was on Sunday?

ROSA. (*Absently*) Yes.

BUCKLAND. The seventh of February?

ROSA. Yes.

BUCKLAND. I thought you couldn't remember dates.

ROSA. (*Quickly catching herself*) About then—I don't know exactly.

BUCKLAND. Who saw him after that?

ROSA. No one—but the man who killed him.

BUCKLAND. Then you think that he *was* killed?

ROSA. You just told me so.

BUCKLAND. No, I said suppose. First you said he was lost, now you say he was killed.

ROSA. (*Rising*) I don't understand my being brought here and questioned like this.

BUCKLAND. You are not guilty, are you?

ROSA. That is absurd.

BUCKLAND. Then why are you afraid to answer my questions?

ROSA. I am not afraid. (*Sits slowly*) I'm not afraid. I don't know who shot Jed Brown.

BUCKLAND. But you know that he was shot—
(*Leaning toward her*)

ROSA. I—no, I don't even know that.

BUCKLAND. On that last walk you took with Jed Brown—did you quarrel?

ROSA. Yes.

BUCKLAND. Did he ever make love to you?

ROSA. Yes. (*O'BRIAN leans forward attentively*)

BUCKLAND. How did you feel towards him?

ROSA. I did not like him. (*O'BRIAN nods approvingly*)

BUCKLAND. Were there any other of the men attentive to you at the time?

ROSA. Yes.

BUCKLAND. Which one?

ROSA. All of them. (O'BRIAN *shows amusement*)

BUCKLAND. Wasn't Joe Hamner making love to you at that time, as well as since then?

ROSA. Yes. How do you come to know that Joe Hamner—?

BUCKLAND. Where was *he* when you took that last walk with Jed Brown?

ROSA. I don't know. Do you think that Joe Hamner might have done it?

BUCKLAND. My dear young lady, I have no more idea who did it than you have. (*Rising*) However, in a month or six weeks, when the snow is off the ground, I shall send someone up to get at the bottom of this affair.

ROSA. (*Rising*) Is that all?

BUCKLAND. You can give me no further information about the disappearance of Jed Brown?

ROSA. I didn't know I'd given you *any*.

BUCKLAND. Well—you haven't.

ROSA. I am sorry I can't tell you more, but that is all I know.

BUCKLAND. Thank you very much. (ROSA *crosses to L.C.* BUCKLAND *coming around R. of desk*) Oh, Miss Larrabee—(*She stops*)—it might be wiser if you didn't speak of our little conversation.

ROSA. Very well, I won't. (*Going to door, L.I.E.*)

BUCKLAND. When do you return to the Great Elk?

ROSA. (*Pausing again*) To-night.

BUCKLAND. Of course you'll be there when our man comes up later—

ROSA. Yes—I—I expect to.

BUCKLAND. Well, in about six weeks we'll count on your taking our man over the ground—and giv-

ing him all the information and assistance possible. You will do that, of course?

ROSA. Certainly, sir. In a month or six weeks then? (*Very short pause*) Good-bye.

BUCKLAND. Good-bye. (*ROSA exits L.*) O'Brian, you start for Russell's Number 13 to-night.

O'BRIAN. (*Coming around screen R.C.*) Yes, sir—with pleasure. (*Crosses to window up L.C.*) I wonder what train she'll take?

BUCKLAND. There's only one train a day up that way.

O'BRIAN. Ah—thank Heaven for that. (*Looking out of window L.*)

BUCKLAND. (*Crossing around R. corner of desk*). Now you're sure you understand the situation?

O'BRIAN. (*Lost in thought*) I'm trying to understand it, Major. (*Goes up and looks out window, trying to see ROSA again*)

BUCKLAND. (*Walking up and down between desk and screen in deep thought*) Remember Hickey will be looking for his man, Snake Butler—and if you run across him while looking for our man—turn him over to the Yankee. Did you notice—the girl? I say, did you notice the girl?

O'BRIAN. (*Coming to L.C. and stopping above desk*) Girl—what girl?

BUCKLAND. (*Impatiently*) Miss Larrabee. The girl that was here just now. Did you notice her?

O'BRIAN. (*Coming down L.C.*) Did I notice her? Did I—Ah, Major dear—can a man help noticing the only woman he's ever seen in his life?

BUCKLAND. (*Pausing and regarding O'BRIAN at R. corner of desk*) Sergeant O'Brian, have you gone completely crazy—or is this another of your sallies of humor?

O'BRIAN. Sure it's not humor, Major, so I guess it must be crazy I am. But this I know, sir, that

from the time she came into the room all kinds of chills and fever kept running up and down my back. Oh, Major, you talk about a sensation. Ow, wow. Sure I felt that I was an angel in Heaven with a harp in my hand stepping from cloud to cloud.

MAJOR. What the hell is the matter with you?

O'BRIAN. I don't know, sir—but I suspect——

BUCKLAND. (*Taking a step toward him*) Yes—yes——

O'BRIAN. If it isn't a bad case of malaria——

BUCKLAND. (*Turning R. again*) Pshaw! Non-sense!

O'BRIAN. I'm afraid so—sir—then—it's what happens to an Irishman when he first hears the voice that goes through him like a 38-55 bullet.

BUCKLAND. What the devil are you talking about?

O'BRIAN. I—I apologize, Major. I'd rather have had it happen when I was off duty and had plenty of time—well—well—to think that after all these years—oh, I ord—I'm gone.

BUCKLAND. Look here. I've had about all of this I can stand. Will you talk business or won't you?

O'BRIAN. No. Let's talk about the girl.

BUCKLAND. Sir!

O'BRIAN. (*Pulling himself together—with an effort*) Ah, well, if we must, we must. You were saying——?

BUCKLAND. (*Crossing to desk*) I was saying, you noticed the girl——

O'BRIAN. (*Dreamily—starting to turn up to window*) Ah, Major, I——

BUCKLAND. (*Rapping on desk sharply*) If you please, sir—you did or you didn't——

O'BRIAN. (*Smiling*) Since you force me to tell you, sir, I did.

BUCKLAND. She stumbled once or twice.

O'BRIAN. Did she? Where did she stumble?

BUCKLAND. I mean she stumbled in her speech.

O'BRIAN. She did.

BUCKLAND. She knows more than she says.

O'BRIAN. She does. Oh, she's a knowing little darling. (*Peppermint business*)

BUCKLAND. Well, what do you think?

O'BRIAN. (*Dreamily*) I think—she's the most beautiful creature.

BUCKLAND. I mean about the Jed Brown murder?

O'BRIAN. Oh—the murder! I wasn't thinking about it at all.

BUCKLAND. (*Back of desk, in front of chair, roaring it out*) Then, for heaven's sake, do think about it, sir! This is police headquarters, sir—not the garden of Juliet—and you are—Victor O'Brian—Sergeant of the Mounted Police—and not Romeo. So please be good enough to come back to earth. (*At each mark (H) BUCKLAND tries to interrupt in following speech*)

O'BRIAN. (*Soothingly*) All right, Major dear. Sure there's no need to get excited. Why didn't you ask her if on that last walk with Jed Brown they met anyone else—and which way Brown went when he left her—and what he said to her before he left—and whether he had quarrelled with any of the men about her—and whether anyone of the men was particularly jealous—and whether she (H) had any particular preference for any one of the men—and whether he had ever told her where he came from or who his (H) people were, and if he had any relatives alive and who was absent from the camp when she got back? (*MAJOR sinks into chair*)

I could have told more from the way she answered those questions than from all you asked her. (H) Sure, Major, you made her talk about herself instead of Jed Brown. (*Looking L. Turns up stage. Peppermint business*) Ah, Major, if you could only read women as you can men— Larrabee—ah, that's a sweet mouthful—there's Irish blood in her sure.

BUCKLAND. There'll be Irish blood on my hands in about one minute. Now look here.

O'BRIAN. I'm looking, Major.

BUCKLAND. You start for Russell's Camp Number 13 to-night and you bring me back the murderer of Jed Brown. Confound it, sir, your whole future depends on your success! Now go and go at once.

O'BRIAN. (*Sitting on corner of MAJOR'S desk*) Don't worry, Major. The man will stand before ye in less than a month—but you're right, sir— (*Looking toward the door*) Sure, my whole future is up in Russell's Camp Number 13. (*O'BRIAN goes*)

BUCKLAND. I'm glad you realize that—at last.

O'BRIAN. (*Coming back*) And what a future, Major dear! Just think how she'll look presiding over old Castle O'Brian! Sure the Governor'll dance a dozen jigs when he sees her—bless his old heart!

BUCKLAND. Will you get out? (*He leans back in chair blankly regarding O'BRIAN, who continues*)

O'BRIAN. I'm goin', Major—I'm goin'—why, she will make all their duchesses look like thirty cents—and the tones of her sweet voice—oh, you talk about an organ in a church, etc., etc., and her eyes. Major—

1. CURTAIN.

2. SECOND CURTAIN: O'Brian still talking.

3. Company.

ACT II

TIME:—Three days later.

SCENE: *Russell's Camp Number 13 on the Great Elk. Along the back from R. to L. runs the long, low log cabin, the main camp. A door c. Transparent windows R. and L. of it. The roof is very low and covered with tar paper. The cracks between the logs are stuffed with moss and excelsior. Each side of the door and running along under the windows are the halves of a split log with legs stuck in them from the bottom, to form a long seat. A stump, L. A grindstone by it. An empty barrel at the cabin corner R. Lumbermen's implements are on all sides. Axes, single and double edged, cant-dogs whole and broken. Axe sticking in tree by grindstone. Tall, straight, spruce, hemlock and the white ghost-like birch (with the bark stripped off as high as a man can reach) are on all sides and over the cabin at back. Although it is Spring, the snow is still four or five feet deep. The branches of the trees are bent down with the snow. R. and L. are high banks of snow, cleared from before the cabin. Two passageways, R. and L., have been cut through the banks of snow to allow easy entrance and exit. In the R. bank are stuck (small ends down) a pair of long Canadian snowshoes (some snow still caked in the webbing). It is*

late afternoon. The shadows are falling across the stage and the orange light of the setting sun strikes through the trees. CURTAIN RISES on empty stage. Enter R. ANTOINE BASSETTE, a French Canuck. He sits on the L. end of the R. bench. He is a short, thick-set man, dressed in the lumberjack costume. Slouch hat, old and battered heavy grey or blue shirt with bandana tied loosely at throat; heavy socks worn outside trousers and shoepacks or heavy shoes. He is silently smoking a pipe. He carries head of an axe, after lighting pipe begins fitting new handle to it. After a moment's pause LONG JACK enters from R. He is another Canadian lumberman. Has on snowshoes—axe over shoulder. He places axe against side of cabin—takes off snowshoes, knocks them together—sticks them in bank R. and sits on log L.C. Takes out pipe—fills and lights it—no words spoken. Enter from around L. end of cabin—EASTERN—a tall, raw-boned New Yorker—of great physical power but slow in manner and speech. All the lumberjacks have that tendency except the French Canucks. Business of taking off snowshoes in silence, etc. After a minute's silent smoking—ANTOINE looks up and grins.

EASTERN. Antoine, if you don't change that tune there'll be a dead Canuck around here.

ANTOINE. Ah fix it, de ax—

EASTERN. None of us bein' blind—we guessed that was what you was doin'.

ANTOINE. How much trees you cut him to-day, Jack?

JACK. Waal—I wouldn't say for sure—but I guess 'twas 'bout twicet as many as you cut—I

do' know but what 'twas three times—no—I guess 'bout twicet. Waal—somewheres between twicet and three times. (*ANTOINE grunts an answer. MAG appears in doorway—the men look up—MAG is a rather pretty French Canadian. Black hair—rather small, tough, quick as a cat, and extremely flirtatious. Dressed in fairly gay colors—bright and chipper, making light of everything and everybody*)

EASTERN. Say, Mag—you done a bum job on them socks o' mine.

MAG. (*Down stage c.*) Sure—dey are boom sox.

EASTERN. (*Laughs*) Ha—ain't she cute—boom sox.

ANTOINE. Ain't supper be ready?

MAG. Aw, ast de cookes—Ees Joe Hamner got in yet?

ANTOINE. No—but—I here.

MAG. You—bah! (*MAG gives a grunt of disgust and disappears*)

EASTERN. We don't seem ter interest Mag—much.

JACK. What are you blabbin' about—you got a Mrs. Antoine an' a mees o' twelve little Antoines—down river—ain't yer?

ANTOINE. My heart he is so beeg dere is always room—Rosa—she come back with Louis?

EASTERN. I ain't seen Sam round here lately.

(*Enter HAMNER L.*)

ANTOINE. Maybe de same feller dat keel Jed Brown—get Sam, too.

EASTERN. I ain't seen the man in these mountains—that kin get Sam Larrabee. (*JOE HAMNER is on snowshoes—same business—no one speaks. HAMNER is a big, strong, energetic type of North*

woods lumberman. He crosses to grindstone. MAG appears in doorway)

HAMNER. Here—Antoine—you lazy pea-souper—come on an' turn this grindstone—

ANTOINE. Bah—sacre—you call me pea-souper—you turn dat stone yourself.

HAMNER. (*Threatening*) Come on. (*ANTOINE feels for his knife, HAMNER reaches for the axe*)

MAG. (*Crossing L. to grindstone—who has entered during ANTOINE'S speech*) Ah turn heem for you, Joe—

HAMNER. (*Uses snow to wet grindstone*) All right— (*MAG turns stone while JOE sharpens axe. A moment's silent smoking. Pause*) Has Louis got back with the supply sled? If he's drunk I'll break his long French neck.

ANTOINE. Ah'll guess he drive slow, an' talk to Rosa.

HAMNER. (*Up quickly*) You darned half-breed!

MAG. (*Flaring up*) Well—what do you care eef Lou's talk to Rosa, eh? (*WHISTLE. Call and whistle outside R. HAMNER sinks back on log again*)

ANTOINE. (*Goes up and looks*) Bah sacre, here comes Rosa an' de supply sled an' Louis—probably Louis forgot dat tobac he's goin' bring me— (*Exit R.*)

EASTERN. (*Rising and going R. with JACK*) I hope he ain't forgot the newspaper—the last one's read to pieces— (*Exit JACK R. HAMNER rises and starts to go R.*)

HAMNER. I guess that'll do, Mag— (*Meaning grindstone*)

MAG. Huh—he ain't sharp.

HAMNER. Sharp enough—

MAG. Ha—you think ah don't know why you go—when Rosa—comes?

HAMNER. Well—sposin' ye do—what then?

MAG. I guess Rosa—never work for you—like I do—

HAMNER. That's just it— (Turning away)

MAG. All right—Ah'll show you—me—you make love to me—until Rosa comes an' then—pouf—Mag is a servant—all right.

HAMNER. When did I ever make love to you?

MAG. Before Rosa come—you love me—you give me money—U. S. gold—so I don't feel bad—ha!

HAMNER. If I was you I wouldn't keep talkin' about that money.

MAG. (Tossing her head) Huh—you think Rosa care for you—?

HAMNER. That'll do now—drop up on that—

(RADLEY, known as PETE, enters from the cabin. Crosses R. . Enter from R. ROSA and LOUIS. ROSA carrying bundles, etc. Men begin to ask her if they got their things; all talking at once)

ROSA. Yes—yes—yes—I got everything. Here, Jack. Here's your pipe, and your tobacco and guitar, Antoine. Hello, Mag, I've brought you the prettiest ribbons in Calgary—and oh, Mag—I've got some news for you—there's a handsome young man coming to camp.

MAG. (Tossing her head—looking at HAMNER) Ha—I guess we need some handsome man here—

HAMNER. (R.) What kind of a man?

ROSA. (C.) He came up on the train with me to Mountain's Loop and he's Irish.

RADLEY. (Starting) Irish, eh—

MAG. (L.C.) Da's good—ah like Irish—

ANTOINE. (*Listening*) Here come—something.

EASTERN. (*Looking off R.*) Oh, that ain't the Irish gent—it's Sam—hello, Sam—

(*Enter SAM, R., on snowshoes, carrying skins tied to muzzle of rifle and traps slung over his shoulder. He is a young man of larger build than O'BRIAN. His face is good but lined and unshaven. He is reserved almost to the point of sullenness. ROSA runs over and kisses him—HAMNER takes no notice of his presence*)

SAM. Hello, little girl—had a good day for your trip, didn't ye?

ROSA. Did you have good luck to-day?

SAM. (*Showing skins*) Tolable—

LOUIS. What yer been doin', Sam, eh?

SAM. (R.C.) Been trappin' up the Great Elk.

RADLEY. (R.) Seen any signs?

SAM. Signs o' what?

RADLEY. Signs o' men.

SAM. What'd anybody be doin' up the Great Elk?

RADLEY. Thought maybe Jed Brown might be lost up that way. (*ROSA starts at the mention of the name*)

SAM. You talk like a loose wheel. (*He goes up, puts his pack inside and leans against doorway, smoking*)

EASTERN. Sure ye do. Jed Brown ain't made no tracks fer a couple o' months.

ROSA. (*Sits on stump R.C.*) Don't talk like that.

HAMNER. What's the matter? Yer tired, Rosa—after yer trip?

ROSA. No. It's just the talk about Jed Brown. It seems terrible to think that he may be lying somewhere—alone.

HAMNER. Yes—and the man who killed him walkin' 'round free——

MAG. You have some good time in Calgary, Rose? You bring Mag the stuff for the beautiful red dress and some nice red stockings. (*Showing them*) Ai-'t it?

ANTOINE. La, la, la.

EASTERN. (*Hiding his face*) Hold on, Mag.

ROSA. Yes, I got everything you asked me to.

MAG. Oh, t'ank you! No one is good to Mag but you.

EASTERN. Why, everybody from the cookie to Long Jack here has been good to you.

MAG. I deed not said good to me, I say marry me.

ROSA. Mag, did you know that the money you gave me to buy those things was United States gold?

MAG. Sure I know eet!

LOUIS. Where you got it, some States gold, hein?

MAG. (*Flaring up*) My friend in the States send me everyt'ing ah want, eef you don't like eet for me to have American gold, you go to le diable dat's what you do. Come, Rosa, Ah got your clothes in de house; you better take off your best dress—there is nobody here to wear it for—— (*Exits into house*)

ROSA. I'll be right there.

HAMNER. Rosa——

LOUIS. Oh, I forget it de mail. (*Takes from bag one letter and one paper*) Here. (*Gives paper to EASTERN*) Ah guess dis letter be for Antoine——

ANTOINE. Sacre! A letter—Ba gar—for me—— (*Opens letter*) Ah hope—my family he ain't be seek——

EASTERN. Yer hull' familv couldn't all be sick—without there was a plague in the land——

SAM. Rosa, I'll get your things from the sled.
(Exit R.)

ANTOINE. Sacre—(They come about him)—Ah got another baby— (Falls back into EASTERN'S arms)

RADLEY. Gentlemen—when a hen hatches too many chickens it is the custom to insert said hen in water— (They carry him out by feet and arms)

ANTOINE. (As he goes—struggling) Bah— Jimmy, you think Ah ain't have it all de baby Ah want— (Etc., ad lib. ROSA and HAMNER left alone. ROSA starts to go up to door)

HAMNER. Wait a minute, Rosa—I want to talk to you—ain't it kinder lonely for you when Sam goes off trappin'?

(READY YELL)

ROSA. Oh, Sam's not away much.

HAMNER. Not enough to suit me. I never git a chance ter talk to yer—

ROSA. If you mean—what you spoke of once before—you'd better leave it unsaid—because it wouldn't be any use.

HAMNER. It wouldn't be any use, eh? Don't you do no foolin' with me, Rosa. I ain't the kind ter stand for it.

ROSA. I'm not fooling with you, Joe. Why can't you understand—

HAMNER. Then if I told you I loved you— (A yell from men in the distance) And if I asked you to marry me it wouldn't be no use?

ROSA. I'm afraid not, Joe.

HAMNER. Well, I know it would.

ROSA. Don't be foolish. Can't you take "no" for an answer?

HAMNER. No, I can't!

ROSA. Then I won't listen to you—— (*Starts for cabin*)

HAMNER. (*Crosses to L.C.*) Hold on, Rosa. (*ROSA stops*) You love your brother, don't you? (*ROSA turns back quickly, looking at him intently*)

ROSA. Sam? What's this got to do with Sam?

HAMNER. You don't want ter break up yer little home on the Great Elk, do yer?

ROSA. (*Trying to treat it lightly*) If I married you it would be broken.

HAMNER. If you don't marry me it may—but I don't want to talk this way.

ROSA. Say what you mean—I like plain talk.

HAMNER. All right, but remember you asked me to say it. (*He looks quickly about*) It's about Sunday—the seventh of February—— (*ROSA starts*) I was hunting for deer up in Smoky Pass the day you an' Jed Brown took your last walk together. I know why your brother Sam never sets his traps in Smoky Pass no more. I know you took the trail for Smoky Pass with Jed Brown that day and—I know what passed between you and him—why him and Sam quarrelled and why Sam——

ROSA. Sh——

HAMNER. Well—I know what happened at the end of the trail, and I could take the Mounted police to-morrow to where Jed Brown lies—under four feet of snow and ice.

ROSA. Then you know why——

HAMNER. It don't matter why—the Mounted are sent to stop men killin' each other. They take a life for a life—they don't ask for reasons——

ROSA. (*Turns to him slowly*) And so you want to force me——

HAMNER. No! I only want a fair chance. I love you on the square and I want you ter gi' me a show. There ain't no one else, is there?

ROSA. (*Moves away from him. Crosses R.*) No, there's no one else. I've got to fight you alone.

HAMNER. Now that's crazy talk. I ain't fightin' you and I don't want to. (*Crossing to her at R.C.*) I'll make it easy as I can for you, Rosa—if you'll only give me the chance—but there ain't ter be no one else, is there?

ROSA. (*Bitterly*) Not unless someone comes out of the wilderness—and that's not likely.

HAMNER. You're right—it's not—

MAG. (*Appearing in doorway*) Ain't you comin' in, Rosa, before supper? (*Exit into house*)

ROSA. I'm coming. (*Exit into house. HAMNER, hearing the men coming, exits R. as they enter, first picking up his axe. The men troop on from R., bringing ANTOINE back, singing. They drag him back by the feet, letting his shoulders drag on the ground to C.*)

ANTOINE. Bah Jiminy Dieu! You tink dat funny, eh? Bah Gar—you broke all of my backs—

SAM. (*Enters from R. with bundles—crosses to cabin*) What's the matter, Antoine, can't you find a chair? (*SAM goes into cabin, and comes out again at once*)

ANTOINE. You think that's funny.

SAM. Don't you like the sport?

ANTOINE. Dis a hell of a place for sport. (*ANTOINE washes hands in basin on rain barrel R.*)

EASTERN. (*Sitting on log at L.C.*) Say, Sam—this paper's got another story 'bout that Sergeant Devil-M'Care.

SAM. Never heard of him. (*RADLEY is sitting on the barrel R., watching the men closely*)

EASTERN. You ain't; why, he's the best man in the mounted police.

SAM. I ain't interested in police news.

RADLEY. It's a wonder they wouldn't send him up here to find out who killed Jed Brown.

ANTOINE. Bah Gar—here come someone, sure.

EASTERN. (*Going up L.C., looks off L.3.E.*) By the great horn spoon, it's the Irish swell! (*EASTERN sits on stump L.C. RADLEY on sledge R. LONG JACK on bench R. of doorway, LOUIS on same bench. SAM on bench L. of doorway; ANTOINE on same bench. Everyone immediately freezes up. The men smoke in silence. O'BRIAN enters L. He wears snowshoes, high moccasins and the costume of the district. He carries a Winchester. He comes c., stops and looks around. No one apparently notices him*)

O'BRIAN. Snakes in Ireland—I've been walking so long I waddle like a duck. Wait till I take off my web feet. (*Removing snowshoes*) Bedad, they're the most uncompanionable things I ever walked with in me life. Faith, you need a space the size of England to turn around in and as for backing up—well, you back one foot and you fall down the rest. Once down there on the trail sure my right foot found out what my left foot doeth and stepped on it. Sure can ye imagine me tryin' to walk with my right foot on me left. (*He looks about; they don't notice him*) I say can ye imagine me tryin' to walk with me left foot stuck to my right? Hum! I wonder if I've struck a deaf and dumb asylum. Well, I was walkin' on my ear most of the time. Once I came down so hard I knocked a groan out of the trail. A great place to play solitaire. Boys, can you put me up for the night? (*No answer*) Thank ye very much. Everything look congenial here. (*Sticking his snowshoes in the snow wrong end up*) There you are! My! My, but it's cold. If it gets much colder, I think I'd better stav here till the snow melts and walk home on my own feet.

EASTERN. Well, I don't know as I can put ye up for the night, but I guess I can lick the tar outen yer.

O'BRIAN. What's a little tar between friends? All we need is a few feathers.

EASTERN. I do' know but what I might kill yer if I hit you real hard.

O'BRIAN. I think this fellow would be great company for me.

EASTERN. (*Looks O'BRIAN up and down*) No, I guess only lick the tar outen yer.

O'BRIAN. (*As JACK turns up, his big checked coat is noticeable*) He'd make a good checker board. I'm afraid there's some mistake here—maybe I'm not the man ye seem to be expectin'. My name is——

ANTOINE. (*Springing up*) Bah Gar! Ah don' care what your name. Ah push your face to pieces. (*Rushes down R. of O'BRIAN gesticulating with rage*)

O'BRIAN. What?

ANTOINE. (*Continues to gesticulate, trying to explain in pantomime what he is going to do to O'BRIAN*) I push your face to pieces——

O'BRIAN. I wonder what lodge he belongs to!

ANTOINE. No—no—I push your face to pieces—so——

O'BRIAN. So——

ANTOINE. Yes—so—so——

O'BRIAN. This fellow's a sewin' machine. Well, what is it you're goin' to do?

ANTOINE. Push your face to pieces.

O'BRIAN. Well, be careful of the pieces. Boys, we know, if ye keep this up, you'll make me think I'm not welcome here.

ANTOINE. Welcome—Bah!

O'BRIAN. Boys, the next time ye let that sheep out, put a bell on him so ye won't lose him.

ANTOINE. Bah!

O'BRIAN. Yes—I'm beginning to think so myself— (*Turning to RADLEY with a sharp look but the same manner*) And—whisper—what will you do to me, when the others are all through—if there's anything left of me?

ROSA. (*Entering from cabin*) I'm ready, Sam.

RADLEY. I can talk to you better when there ain't no ladies around.

O'BRIAN. Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss!

SAM. (*Coming down R.C. and tapping him on the shoulder*) You better get introduced first, stranger.

ROSA. Oh—we met—each other at the station, Sam, but we haven't been introduced yet. (*To O'BRIAN*) This is my brother.

O'BRIAN. (*To SAM*) Your brother! I'm happy to meet you, sir.

SAM. What's your name?

O'BRIAN. Kelway—Lee Kelway—from Ireland originally, now from Winnipeg. And you—?

SAM. Sam Larrabee. We don't like strangers up this way much. (*Crosses to R.C.*)

O'BRIAN. It looks that way.

SAM. Climate don't seem to agree with 'em.

O'BRIAN. (*Looking him full in the face*) Well, I like the climate—all right. It suits me immensely. (*Turning to ROSA and bowing*) Miss Larrabee, I'm afraid I've made a bad beginning with your friends.

SAM. Stranger—

ROSA. Sam, Mr. Kelway was good enough to help me with my bundles before Louis came.

SAM. Hm—much obliged. (*Turns away to the other men—up stage*)

O'BRIAN. Don't mention it. (*The men gather*)

by door and show in pantomime what they are going to do. ANTOINE and LOUIS together show they are going to throw him down and kick him out)

ROSA. The boys have their own methods of hospitality, Mr. Kelway.

O'BRIAN. *(Glancing quickly behind him at men)* Yes, I noticed that.

ROSA. I see you're a stranger in this country or you'd know that the wilderness has laws of its own, and silence is the password.

O'BRIAN. Silence. Then I'm afraid I'll never pass. But it's very good of you to give me the tip. *(Behind him ANTOINE and LOUIS have shown in pantomime that they will upset him in the snow and begin some of the lumberjack's tricks with him. They begin to cautiously approach him from behind)* What did your brother mean by saying it wasn't a healthy place for strangers?

ROSA. I do 't know. *(Business)*

O'BRIAN. You know I should think much depended on the stranger. *(RADLEY coughs. O'BRIAN carelessly reverses his Winchester, which brings the muzzle in ANTOINE'S face as he and LOUIS are rushing O'BRIAN for the tumble trick)*

O'BRIAN. Oh, I beg your pardon! I didn't notice that my rifle was cocked. I'm afraid I'm nervous with firearms. *(ANTOINE and LOUIS carelessly, but to the amusement of others, stroll quickly to the cabin door and exeunt. RADLEY smoking, sitting on sled R. waiting for ROSA to go)*

SAM. Come, Rosa, we'll eat with the boys and go home by moonlight. *(Turns up to cabin door and exits)*

(READY HORN)

O'BRIAN. Home, that sounds good to a man who

hasn't seen home in six long years. Now I'll wager your home is a happy one.

ROSA. We've got a dear little cabin—up the river, and we've been very happy there.

O'BRIAN. I wonder if ye are now? (*Movement from ROSA*)

ROSA. Why do you say that?

O'BRIAN. Because—Miss Larrabee—(*Quietly*)—there's the least trace of fear in your eyes, and *that* doesn't belong to the pines and the trail, except when one of the wild creatures is being hunted. (*Horn. The loud sound of the conch is heard*) Somebody's in trouble.

ROSA. (*Laughing*) That's the men's supper bell.

SAM. (*Appearing in door*) Rosa, I want you to come in.

ROSA. Won't you join us, Mr. Kelway?

O'BRIAN. No, thanks. I'm afraid I shouldn't be a welcome guest.

ROSA. Oh—I'm sure they—

JACK. (*Going in*) Stranger, I don't think an awful lot o' yer—but yer better come in an' fill yer ribs.

O'BRIAN. Sure a lumberjack 'ud give his last piece o' bacon to a man he'd just killed.

EASTERN. (*Shouting to O'BRIAN from in cabin*) Well, maybe I'd better save a little bacon for you. (*Exit*)

O'BRIAN. (*To ROSA, smiling*) Do you know that fellow has the sweetest, sourest disposition I've ever come across in my life. If I should die a *natural* death—I believe it would break that man's heart—I really believe if he had two drinks of whiskey and they were the last two drinks of whiskey in the world, he'd drink one and give the other to himself.

SAM. (*Inside*) Rosa!

ROSA. Will you come in?

O'BRIAN. Thank ye—I'll follow you—in a moment. (*Detaining her*) Ye're sure I'll not be in—in the way?

ROSA. (*Smiling*) Quite sure.

O'BRIAN. Ye've never been to Ireland, have ye?

(LIGHTS BIG IN RED)

ROSA. No. (*Going*)

O'BRIAN. (*Following her to door. He walks with her to the door and goes right on talking until she gently closes the door*) Ah—ye must go—some day. Sure I'll tell ye all about it, after supper. 'Tis a grand old place. (*She turns and smiles at door, then exits. O'BRIAN turns quickly to RADLEY*) Well?

RADLEY. I'm glad you've come, sir.

O'BRIAN. Thank ye. Have ye found out anything?

RADLEY. Nothing definite, but—

(HAMNER enters R.2.)

O'BRIAN. Look out! (*In a different manner*) All right—I'll stay to supper—with pleasure. (*Crosses over to L.C., stands with back to HAMNER who enters R.3 E. and stops short at seeing O'BRIAN*)

RADLEY. (*In the lumberman's manner*) Oh, I guess the boys won't mind!

HAMNER. (*Crossing to O'BRIAN at L.C.*) Look a here, young feller, I'm actin' foreman of this outfit an' I don't like yer comin' here. What's yer business? What do yer want anyhow? Did yer come here to—devil-m'-care! (*He comes face to face with O'BRIAN and stops dead still*)

O'BRIAN. Same to ye—and many of them, Joe. Do you know I thought you were here when I first heard this Jed Brown business mentioned at headquarters?

HAMNER. Look out, that new feller over there is listenin'! (*Pointing to RADLEY*)

O'BRIAN. (*Looking at RADLEY*) Oh, don't worry. (*Crosses to RADLEY who is still at R.H.*) Your foreman and I are old acquaintances—would you mind doin' the twenty-third waltz?

RADLEY. Not a bit! (*Exit R.*)

O'BRIAN. Well, well, sure this is a pleasant surprise!

HAMNER. You didn't come up here to hunt?

O'BRIAN. Oh, yes, I did, Joseph, and for big game. And since I've found *you* here, I know I'm on the right trail.

HAMNER. See here, O'Brian, I ain't anxious ter have trouble with you.

O'BRIAN. I understand your feelings in that matter, Joe, of course you're not.

HAMNER. But I didn't have nothin' ter do with the killin' o' Jed Brown.

O'BRIAN. Then who did?

HAMNER. How should I know?

O'BRIAN. (*His manner changing entirely*) I don't know how you know, but I know that you *do* know. In 1904 you were selling whiskey in Manitoba. You haven't settled for that yet, because you left suddenly for the States. Now you answer my questions—every one of them truthfully, and if I find that you lie to me—and if I see a gun on you, I'll take you back on a moose sled. Savvy! Is that clear? And if you open your head about who I am, I'll hang you in Calgary barracks.

HAMNER. Sure—don't you know a friend when you see one?

O'BRIAN. Friend? Faith, I have the same friendship for you that a cat has for a mouse.

HAMNER. Well, I'm goin' ter feed. (*Exits into cabin*)

O'BRIAN. That idea made ye hungry, didn't it? (*Glances through window to see that men are at the table, then comes R. and meets RADLEY, who enters R. and stands down R. so that a tree is between him and the cabin door*)

RADLEY. Did the Major question the girl as I advised?

O'BRIAN. He did. And he bade me give ye this comforting message, Corporal Radley—the day we bring in Jed Brown's murderer you get my Sergeancy.

RADLEY. And you your Lieutenantancy.

O'BRIAN. Yes, but we haven't got him yet.

RADLEY. I don't think it will take long.

O'BRIAN. I don't think it will take a lifetime myself.

RADLEY. It'll take someone's lifetime.

O'BRIAN. Don't joke about it, Radley. Do you ever think of the poor devil you're after? I suppose he has a heart just the same as the rest of us.

RADLEY. This one has, all right. I think that's what led to the trouble.

O'BRIAN. Oh, ye foxy boy! Ye know who it is, do you?

RADLEY. Well, I can make a pretty shrewd guess.

O'BRIAN. Can ye now? Well, let's hear yer guess—

RADLEY. Rosa Larrabee. (*O'BRIAN'S manner changes instantly. He looks at RADLEY a moment*)

O'BRIAN. Rosa Larrabee! Don't be a damn fool!

RADLEY. I've been right here on the ground, Ser-

geant. That girl winces every time Jed Brown's name is mentioned.

O'BRIAN. And wouldn't *you* wince if *you'd* been the last one seen with a murdered man?

RADLEY. There's something more than that makes her turn white and kinder shudder when you talk about his bein' murdered.

O'BRIAN. Maybe there is. Maybe she knows who killed him. Maybe she saw him killed. But as for killing him herself, you're crazy—the idea of that girl committing murder. Why, man, that's the funniest remark I've ever heard in my life. 'Pon me word—do you know I didn't know you had so much humor in you. Why, you are a regular comic. Look—the snowshoes are laughin' at ye.

RADLEY. (*Loudly and roughly*) I've been right here watching her.

O'BRIAN. Well—don't tell the whole camp about it. Ye may have watched her, but ye didn't look at her. You never looked into that girl's eyes or you'd know she couldn't kill a man.

RADLEY. (*With sneering sarcasm*) You must a' been lookin' pretty hard, Mr. O'Brian.

O'BRIAN. Cut that! Why weren't ye watchin' Hamner? Sure, you've got a man blacker than the devil right under your nose and never smelled a rat. I'll expect to see you looking for cigar ashes next, like Sherlock Holmes.

RADLEY. (*Down R.*) Excuse me, Sergeant, I don't mean any insolence, but aren't you letting your Irish chivalry interfere with your good judgment?

O'BRIAN. Sure—and if you don't stop, I'll be letting my Irish fist interfere with your good features. From now on you keep your eyes on Hamner and I'll do the rest. Clear out now—and when you see the men come out—come back and start the conversation on Jed Brown. I'll wait a minute and ad-

mire the sunset. (*RADLEY goes into cabin. O'BRIAN stands with his back to the door, looking off L. MAG enters, picks up guitar which has been tied up in bundle*) What have ye there, Miss Mag?

ROSA. Mr. Kelway—

O'BRIAN. (*Turning*) Miss Larrabee, ye're just in time to see the tail end of a sunset that's as good as two church organs and a hundred little choir boys. Look there.

ROSA. Is it worth going hungry to see?

O'BRIAN. Hungry, is it? Sure, I couldn't eat a wink while I'm looking at that. Just see those colors. Just see that orange color in the sky. Ah—if those orange colors were only green—no—you couldn't mix it—you'd start a fight.

ROSA. Are you so fond of Ireland?

O'BRIAN. Fond is it? Faith, Miss Larrabee, did ye ever see an Irishman who didn't think that the world was built just to keep Ireland from falling into space?

ROSA. I don't think I ever met a real Irishman before (*Sits L.*)

O'BRIAN. Thank Heaven for that.

ROSA. Why?

O'BRIAN. Why—well—they're persistent beggars—and it's hard to refuse them anything and—oh—well, you wouldn't know what I meant if I to'd ye—

ROSA. (*Smiling*) Not even with my convent education?

O'BRIAN. I beg your pardon.

ROSA. I say, not even with my convent education?

O'BRIAN. Ye'd never learn what I mean—in a convent—do ye know. When ye know me better—ye'll see that I don't always know what I mean—myself—

ROSA. Wasn't it a Frenchman who said that only a fool says what he thinks?

O'BRIAN. It must have been a Frenchman sure—an Irishman says what he thinks, but never thinks what he says. Oh, ye'd like the Irish, Miss Larrabee—you'd like them I fancy.

ROSA. (*Smiling*) I believe I would—

O'BRIAN. And since ye must make a beginning to like them—would ye mind beginning with me?

ROSA. Aren't we getting a little personal?

O'BRIAN. Of course—I—I suppose it's because—we're persons—and when two men meet on a desert island they don't insist on old friendships—before being honest with each other, do they?

ROSA. But we're not two men on a desert island—

O'BRIAN. No—we're worse—we're a man and a woman in the wilderness—sure ye must have been lonely up here—

ROSA. You don't know the wilderness. It's not lonely. Whv, it's never twice the same—and I love the change that every day brings—

O'BRIAN. Sure it isn't God's wilderness I mean—it's being surrounded by people who think I'm crazy because I'd rather see that sunset than eat salt pork.

ROSA. (*Slowly, looking at him*) But I went in—and ate salt pork—with my friends—

O'BRIAN. Sure ye did. Because they're your salt pork friends, and I'll wager ye never had a sunset friend in your life. Miss Larrabee, we've known each other—all through a north woods' sunset. And that's worth a year between brick walls—and I know ye'll not misunderstand me if I ask you to let me see you while I'm up here—for—well—I may as well confess it to ye—I never had a sunset friend

in my life—not me—and I—I'm tired of salt pork——

ROSA. Mr. Kelway—how much of this—do you really mean?

O'BRIAN. (*Looking directly at her*) Sure I mean more than all of it——

ROSA. (*After a pause*) There's a fine view from the front of our cabin—and we'll be glad to see you—Sam and I——

O'BRIAN. Oh—will you indeed? That's awfully kind of you. (*She crosses as if to go back into cabin when EASTERN and JACK enter*).

EASTERN. (*Wiping his mouth*) Well, stranger, did yer have a good supper? (*Remains up stage, L. of doorway*)

O'BRIAN. I'll wager 'twas more digestible than yours. (*ROSA goes right to her snowshoes sticking in back R. SAM appears in the doorway. Enter RADLEY. Enter HAMNER, who sits R.C.*)

RADLEY. 'Scuse me for interruptin' yer friend, but when you come through Calgary, did you hear any talk about their sendin' anybody up here from the police after the Jed Brown murder?

ROSA. (*Sitting on log L.C.*) If a man knew the woods I should think it would be almost impossible to capture him.

O'BRIAN. Impossible! Miss Larrabee, if the mounted police were after me, I'd come out of the woods, and meet them—it would save just that much walking.

ROSA. But in the mountains like this, surely a woodsman could escape.

O'BRIAN. There are four stages to a murder in the Northwest. First, there's the murder. Then there's the mounted. Then there's a hanging, and then there's peace.

MAG. (*Has stepped into doorway—enters—*

comes to O'BRIAN—*makes him a courtesy*) Monsieur, le cookee he present you hees compliments—an' he say he have for you some nice stew——

O'BRIAN. Stew—the national dish of Ireland. I'll take the cookee at his word—he's the most charitable man I've met up here. (*Going towards cabin. Exit c.*)

EASTERN. (*To LONG JACK*) Come on, Jack, with two Frenchmen and one Irishman inside, there ought to be some fun. (*EASTERN, JACK and SAM exit into cabin c.*)

MAG. (*To ROSA*) Ah like it, de Irish fellér, eh, Rosa? (*She turns and starts for door. HAMNER blocks her way. ROSA L.*)

HAMNER. Say, Mag.

MAG. Don't say it. Ah ain't got time to hear it.

HAMNER. You got to be mighty careful wot yer say to this Irishman.

MAG. Why? (*ROSA crosses down R.*)

HAMNER. Well, if he knew that you an' me was usin' United States gold, he'd blow to the police—are yer on?

MAG. He purty good feller—but Ah ain't tell him nothin'. (*She exits into cabin*)

HAMNER. (*Crossing R.*) Come on, Pete, yer lazy mut, I want yer to check supplies. (*RADLEY and HAMNER exeunt R. SAM crosses down to ROSA. Business of ROSA calling, "SAM"—"SAM"*)

SAM. (*Entering from cabin*) I guess there's enough crust on the snow to do without snowshoes.

ROSA. Yes. I have been trying to get a word with you alone.

SAM. Well, what is it?

ROSA. Sam. Joe Hamner knows!

SAM. Knows what?

ROSA. He knows that you——

SAM. That I shot Jed Brown? (O'BRIAN is heard softly singing inside)

ROSA. Sh! He was in Smoky Pass when——

SAM. I did it? I knew it would come out. It always does. Well, I'm not ashamed of it—but I'll fix Joe Hamner so he won't say nothing! (Starts to go R. in the direction HAMNER went)

ROSA. (Detaining him) No, no—not that—he wants to marry me.

SAM. That's his game, is it? I've wanted to do better for you than Joe Hamner.

ROSA. I know you have, Sam, you have done everything in the world you could for me. You've been father and mother both to me—but don't anger Joe Hamner now, knowing what he does.

SAM. If he makes any threats, Rosa, I'll send him on the same trail I sent Jed Brown.

ROSA. You must not keep speaking of that. You are in terrible danger now. You heard Mr. Kelway speak about the mounted police—they never miss the man they are after——

SAM. And I'm the man.

ROSA. Oh, Sam, it's terrible!

SAM. Yes—it is terrible for you, little girl—let's clear out.

ROSA. Yes, you must keep away. I want you to guide Mr. Kelway. I thought you might be able to take him over the divide before the mounted came. That would keep you well out of their way and kill suspicion.

SAM. That's a good idea, Rosa. (Enter HAMNER R. If O'BRIAN does not sing then ANTOINE is heard playing on a guitar and singing one of the old Habitant love songs)

HAMNER. Hello! What's all the hush talk about?

SAM. (*Turning slowly to HAMNER*) Say, Hamner, you better act on the level with me.

HAMNER. I'm going to, Sam. I'll never open my head unless Rosa tells me to.

SAM. You leave Rosa out o' the talk altogether.

HAMNER. That's for her to say. You're in a hard hole right now and your eyes ain't open wide enough to see it.

ROSA. What do you mean, Joe?

HAMNER. I mean I can help yer all out o' trouble. I know somethin's goin' on here that you don't—and I'll be runnin' an awful risk if I mix up in it. But I'd do it for you, Rosa.

SAM. What is this—a flim-flam game?

HAMNER. Yes, and you're bein' flim-flammed, but not by me.

SAM. Then somebody's takin' a big risk.

HAMNER. What show do yer think you'd stand against the mounted police?

ROSA. The mounted?

SAM. I guess they're only men—an' I can kill as well as they can.

HAMNER. Sure, you've proved that once.

ROSA. Joe!

SAM. If the mounted come up with me, it'll be the best man—savy?

ROSA. Joe, why do you keep talking about the mounted? (*O'BRIAN appears at door in time to hear this*)

O'BRIAN. The mounted, eh? Why, Miss Larra-
bee—you're lookin' almost pale—has he been tellin' ye stories about the mounted?

ROSA. Yes— (*O'BRIAN looks hard at HAMNER, who seems very uneasy*)

O'BRIAN. Well, well, he must know something about them to tell ye stories—and maybe he'd like to know more. Would ye?

HAMNER. (*Slouching uneasily away to R. a little*)
No, I ain't particularly interested.

(WARN)

O'BRIAN. Whenever ye feel ye just can't help talkin' about the mounted, don't frighten a lady with your bloodthirsty tales—come around and talk to me, savy?

SAM. Stranger—my sister says you want a guide—

HAMNER. Why—

O'BRIAN. (*Comes down c.*) Well? (*Looking at him*)

HAMNER. Nothing.

O'BRIAN. Just so. Will ye guide me, Mr. Larrabee?

SAM. Yes—if there's no hard feelin' 'bout what I said to yer before dinner.

O'BRIAN. (*Offering his hand*) Hard feeling—not as much as would choke a fly. Miss Larrabee, will you take a poor wanderer under your roof?

ROSA. Of course—

SAM. Come on, then—we'll hit the trail for home.

O'BRIAN. Home. That sounds good. Sure that's the best place in all the world no matter where it is. (*Gun business—song. SAM exits—O'BRIAN throws his rifle in the hollow of his arm, turns to HAMNER and with eyes on HAMNER takes ROSA'S arm, places it in his and starts off singing. HAMNER takes a quick step towards them—O'BRIAN turns. HAMNER stops short and O'BRIAN turns and exits L.C., singing. HAMNER looks after them*)

CURTAIN

ACT III

TIME:—Three weeks later.

SCENE: SAM'S cabin on the Great Elk. The room is a simple log living-room, that shows the effects of a clever woman's care. All the fixtures are rustic. There are no cheap prints or pictures on the wall. A number of skins are hanging about—bear, wolf and caribou. A large pair of caribou antlers hang over the fireplace R.C. used as a gun rack. A Winchester, a shot gun and an old flintlock on them. A door back R.C. and double windows left of it with buckskin curtains. A rustic table c. (all the bark off the wood), rustic chairs and rocking chairs about. Fireplace c. between door and windows—woodbox by it. Ladder R., leading to a square room up R.C. Several deer's feet are stuck into the log walls, used as pegs. From one of these hangs a cartridge belt and empty holster. A number of mounted heads are hanging on wall. The logs in the fireplace are burnt out, leaving only charred embers and ashes. Snowshoes hung up. Birch-bark boxes with ferns in windows. Deer skin on table. Copper kettle and crane in fireplace. Several photographs, reproductions of good paintings, framed in little home-made frames on wall. It is early morning, but no sunrise effect must be

given here. The door is closed, but the window is open. Outside, everything appears wet—not foggy, but crisp and sparkling, showing the Spring thaw has come; the snow has gone and the first sign of green shows in the forest. DISCOVERED: SAM'S head appears in the window, looking around, then speaks to ROSE without.

SAM. (L.C. outside) Guess he ain't up yet, Rosa. (Looking up at ROSA) He sure does sleep sound.

ROSA. (Comes around, enters through door, comes down to table c., starting to put laurel in jar on table) Well, let the poor man sleep, he's not used to our early hours.

SAM. (Mysteriously calling her) Rosa. (ROSA crosses to SAM, leaving laurel on table c.) There was a bobcat screechin' around during the night. Maybe it scared him to death.

ROSA. (Flaring up—crosses down to hearth, sweeping ashes into fire and putting a few sticks on fire) He's not afraid of a bobcat or anything else. (Blaze up a little)

SAM. Gosh, Rosa! You come up to the surface just like a trout for a fly, every time Kelway's name is mentioned. Be carefu'—(ROSA stops)—little girl. I guess he's a big bug where he comes from.

ROSA. (Sweeping again) I think bug is a very misleading name for Mr. Kelway.

SAM. (Laughing) There yer come again. Yer not a bad looking trout either, Rosa, and you've got prettier red spots than any trout I ever saw. (ROSA knocking the wing once or twice with her hands to shake the dust out. Crosses to table, takes stone jar, goes up to door, fills jar from water bucket outside. Brings jar back to table c.) Gee! it must be funny to be in love.

ROSA. (*Crosses up to SAM*) What do you know about being in love, Buddie?

SAM. (*Taking her face in his hands*) I know what it is to love the best little sister God ever put on earth. Well, me for the woodpile. (*SAM goes back to chopping log or exits R. where he is seen cutting wood. ROSA comes back to table, arranges laurel in jar and puts it about the room. Takes some laurel, crosses down to fireplace L. and puts it in vase on mantel. Several times she stops and looks at the trap in the ceiling. She is happy and singing a little snatch of song as she puts the flowers about. RADLEY appears at back and talks to SAM. Enter RADLEY C. He comes down R.C. looking around, followed by SAM who stands in doorway*)

RADLEY. Good-morning, Rosa.

ROSA. Good morning. Isn't it pretty early for you to have come over?

RADLEY. Why, I just came over to get a couple o' skins, an' to tell you we're goin' to drive this mornin'. River's way up and all's ready.

ROSA. (*Crosses up L. to SAM*) Oh! We must tell Mr. Kelway. I know he'd love to see a log drive.

RADLEY. Well, let's tell him then. Where does he bunk?

ROSA. Up there. (*Pointing to hole in ceiling*)

RADLEY. I'll get him down quick enough. (*Starts for ladder*)

ROSA. (*Starting toward him, coming down to L. of table*) Oh, no, you mustn't wake him.

RADLEY. (*Turning back*) Why not? Shock of waking up be too much for him? (*All this time SAM is standing amused in the doorway*)

ROSA. No, he doesn't like to be waked. (*RADLEY turns as if to go up the ladder. ROSA speaking*)

to detain him, putting remainder of laurel in bowl on table)

RADLEY. Oh, he doesn't like to be. Some of the boys have gone down river already. Hadn't I better wake up his nibs, so's he can see the drive? *(Turning toward ladder again)*

ROSA. *(Stopping him)* We'll call him as soon as breakfast's ready.

RADLEY. Oh, as soon as breakfast's ready.

ROSA. You'll have a bite before you leave.

SAM. *(Coming down stage R.)* Sure, that's what you'll do. There's a paper only a couple o' weeks old. Rosa, you skip to the cookin' shack and get breakfast.

ROSA. All right. *(Starts toward door, but stops)* But don't wake him.

RADLEY. No—I won't wake him. I'll sing lullabies to him. *(Exit ROSA C., laughing, then goes off L.)* Happy, isn't she? *(Picks up paper)*

SAM. Why shou'dn't she be? Make yourself comfortable. I'll finish my job. *(SAM exits R. at O'BRIAN'S entrance. Through the scene that follows SAM is seen outside, cutting wood. RADLEY puts paper on rocking chair, crosses stealthily to fire box, gets small billet of wood and, looking to see that he is not watched, crosses to R.H. under door to upper room and throws it through the upper door. It falls above with a bang)*

O'BRIAN. *(Above, sleepily)* Right in the eye, the eye. Couldn't you find an axe? Making a wood-pile out of my room.

RADLEY. *(Beneath the door, in a loud whisper)* I must see you at once.

O'BRIAN. I'll not be able to see you if you keep hitting me in the eye with sticks of wood. I'm not awake yet. Good night. *(RADLEY crosses quickly to fire, takes another stick of wood and throws it up.)*

It is not heard to fall) Ouch! Great snakes, what do you think I am—a woodpile? Who are ye—and what do ye want?

RADLEY. I must see you at once. (*He takes rocking chair and puts it under the hole, then sits apparently reading paper, but really talking to O'BRIAN*)

O'BRIAN. (*Puts head out of door*) Who is it takes such a playful way to wake me up? Oh—it's you! Well, the first time I find ye sleeping after a hard night's work, sure I'll drop a whole tree on ye.

RADLEY. (*Apparently reading*) The drive is on. The men'll be leaving in a few hours. If anything's doing, it's got to be done quick. Once the men get away from here you'll have the devil's time locating the man you want.

O'BRIAN. (*Yawning*) I'm having the devil's time stopping those hunks of wood you're throwing at me. But did ye wake me up to tell me that bit of news?

RADLEY. Yes. It's now or never.

O'BRIAN. Man, man, you're getting me so excited I'm forgetting to get dressed. But don't you worry. You'll get your Sergeantcy all right. Unless I miss my guess I'll have the man we want to-day.

RADLEY. What do you know?

O'BRIAN. Not an awful lot.

RADLEY. I mean what have you found out?

O'BRIAN. I'll tell yer. While you've been sleeping all night I've been out taking little moonlight strolls. As ye can see, the snow's all gone—melted—I think. Well, this morning I found what I've been looking for ever since I've been here.

RADLEY. What?

O'BRIAN. The body of Jed Brown. (*RADLEY springs to his feet*)

RADLEY. Did you? Where?

O'BRIAN. Sit down, man, sit down. Don't get so excited. You'll make so much noise you'll wake *me* up in a minute. (RADLEY *sits*) People don't do that when they read papers.

RADLEY. Where did you find the body?

O'BRIAN. Lying in Smoky Pass. I didn't have more than ten minutes—it was getting so light—and ye know I had to be back before these good people are up. But I found what'll hang somebody.

RADLEY. What?

O'BRIAN. Two forty-one calibre shells. The man was shot twice and carried a forty-five himself.

RADLEY. Forty-one calibre is uncommon around here.

O'BRIAN. It is. That's why it will get someone into trouble. Now, get away from here quick and see which one of the men uses a forty-one. When you get that information let me know quick. (O'BRIAN *disappears*)

ROSA. (*Is seen passing window L. at back. Enters at door with some breakfast things: hot coffee in pot, earthen pot of hot beans*) Didn't I hear you speaking? (ROSA *puts coffee down in ashes of fireplace. She takes articles on table up to shelf up L.C., takes off deer skin cover and throws it over couch up R.C., takes tablecloth from shelf L.C. and spreads it over table*)

RADLEY. I always read aloud. Can't help it. (*Reads half aloud*) "Calls Senator a liar—term used frequently in the United States Senate." Ha, ha, that's purty good! (*Rising and going toward door c.*) If you'll excuse me, Miss Larrabee, I believe I'll hike off. I've got quite a bit on hand today.

ROSA. I know the drive doesn't wait for anybody's breakfast.

RADLEY. (*Going*) I'll see you again before I go. (*He goes out and is seen going off with SAM R.*)

ROSA. (*Spreading cloth. Putting breakfast things on table—sings. O'BRIAN appears at door of his room up R.C. He is dressed in hunting clothes, but without coat. ROSA is L. of table, smoothing cloth. When O'BRIAN is half-way down the ladder—laughing*)

O'BRIAN. Good morning. (*Stops on ladder*)

ROSA. Oh! What woke you up?

O'BRIAN. I heard an angel singing and somebody threw a load of wood on me.

ROSA. Really, no jesting, what did wake you up?

O'BRIAN. (*On ladder*) Something fell—that is, fell softly on my ear—no, on my head, here's the lump. (*ROSA laughs*) I heard sweet strains of a little song, sung by a voice that would make a Bob White weep with envy.

ROSA. (*Crossing R. to cupboard and bringing over a plate, knife, fork and spoon. Fixing flowers*) I must tell Sam not to sing so early in the morning, if it disturbs you.

O'BRIAN. Sam's voice! Sure, I said Bob White—not bob cat!

ROSA. (*Crossing R. for cup and saucer*) Your breakfast will be here right away.

O'BRIAN. Breakfast! Sure I'm not hungry.

ROSA. Not hungry? Why, you haven't had a thing to eat.

O'BRIAN. (*Crossing L.*) No, but I've seen your face and that's food enough for me—— (*SONG: "O YOU GIRL." After song*)

ROSA. Your stay hasn't been much of a success, has it?

O'BRIAN. Well, I don't think I'd say that, at least not till I've had a bit of a talk with you.

ROSA. Now please eat your breakfast so you can go up the river and see the log drive.

O'BRIAN. What a great sight a log drive is. The way those devils, like Eastern and Long Jack over there, play with their lives! Sure, it's wonderful! (*He disappears as though washing his face*)

ROSA. (*Stopping c. above table*) Oh, you've seen a drive before! I was hoping I could show you your first.

O'BRIAN. (*Leaning way in the window*) Sure if you'll show it to me—it'll seem like the first.

SAM. (*Entering with breakfast things. Crosses to table, puts burnt venison and baked potatoes on table. ROSA crosses L.*) Say, Rosa, everything's charred worse than a pine stump.

ROSA. (*Busy with things L., getting coffee and beans from fireplace and putting them on table. Stand R. of table*) Oh—oh—yes, the fire was very hot this morning, Sam! (*O'BRIAN finishes his toilet and comes in through door to c.*)

SAM. (R.) Fire's always tolerable warm. (*Laughing*) I guess Lee's talkin' had something ter do with it.

ROSA. I'm afraid it did. What was it you were saying about hunting in the East, Mr. Kelway? (*They all sit at table. O'BRIAN at back, ROSA L. SAM R.*)

O'BRIAN. I was saying when you hunt deer in the Adirondacks you wear a red suit and pink ribbons on your hat and you carry a large bell and a telephone. Won't you—— (*Indicating breakfast*)

ROSA. We've had ours.

O'BRIAN. Then when you sight a deer in the Adirondacks you ring the bell so that all the other hunters stalking the same deer will wave a red flag

and let you know where they are. (ROSA *helps him to beans, puts sugar in cup and pours coffee*) Then you call up your friends, and family, on the telephone to make sure they're safe and the deer isn't one of them. Then if the deer's not dead with fright—you shoot it.

ROSA. (*Handing O'BRIAN his coffee and helping him to venison, etc.*) That must be very exciting.

O'BRIAN. Thanks. The exciting part is when your friend thinks the red flag you're waving is a deer's tail and the buttons on your coat are his eyes and shoots you. (HAMNER *appears in the doorway from R.C.*)

HAMNER. (*Just inside doorway. Nods to O'BRIAN*) Morning, Rosa.

O'BRIAN. Speaking of the devil. (*Eats*)

HAMNER. Sam, I want a word with yer an' I ain't got much time ter spare. (*Exits c. door going L. Jerks his head to indicate he wants SAM to follow. SAM, with a glance at ROSA, follows HAMNER and exits*)

O'BRIAN. (*Sitting c.*) Do ye know—the only reason—I'm glad to see Hamner come here—is that—it gives us a chance for a little chat.

ROSA. (*Sitting L.C.*) Even that—doesn't make me glad—to see him. (O'BRIAN *drinks coffee*) Do you remember the first day you and I met?

O'BRIAN. Do I remember it? Do I remember the happiest moment of my life? (*Sitting c.*) Sure, there are harder things than that to remember.

ROSA. You said I was a woman—alone in the wilderness—and—whenever he—comes up here—

O'BRIAN. I know—you're just as pleased to see him as if you run a nail in your foot and that goes for me, too. He's one of those people who show us that there are worse things than loneliness. Sure, we've seen the sun set almost every night—for

weeks—and every time—I hoped ye'd make me happy by tellin' me what's troublin' ye. For there is something—I knew it the first day I looked into your eyes—and—it's still there.

ROSA. Oh, it's one of those things—we must fight out by ourselves.

O'BRIAN. Is it now—are ye sure? (*Pushing chair back and looking toward c. door*) I wonder if it's got anything to do with Hamner—

ROSA. What makes you think that?

O'BRIAN. (*Sitting c.*) Every time he comes—ye get that queer hunted look in your eyes. Sure, I can't understand it at all. Can't you tell me what it is?

ROSA. (*Still sitting L.C. O'BRIAN starts to eat*) Well, you know he wants me to marry him—

O'BRIAN. (*Rising*) The murderin' blackguard. He stands as much show to marry you as a one-legged man in a kicking match. Now, my dear girl, speakin' absolutely as a disinterested party, I should advise strongly against such a match.

ROSA. (*Amused*) Would you? Really?

O'BRIAN. Oh, yes—oh, yes—oh, yes, yes, yes. (*Slowly*) I think I should. In the first place—he'd never take ye away—from all this—you would have to live here the rest of your life.

ROSA. Oh, but I don't want to leave my woods!

O'BRIAN. Just so—and in the second place—he'd be sure to take ye away from your dear little home and settle in town—just think—you might be hit with a trolley car and ye'd never see another sunset. Of course I don't want to prejudice ye against him or belittle him—so I merely tell ye that he's a lyin' brute of a bandit—with no more soul in him than an onion.

ROSA. Do you want to say any more?

O'BRIAN. I could, but think I'd better not.

Why, the thought of you marrying that man—By Heavens—it makes me blood run cold all over!

ROSA. (*Rising*) Well—if it will relieve your mind— (*Business*) I can't tell you what I think of him. (*ROSA gathers plates and coffee pot together*)

O'BRIAN. Neither can I. I'm too much of a gentleman. But my dear Miss Rosa, ye mustn't frighten me like that again—sure I've a weak heart— (*ROSA laughs and takes dirty dishes to door c. Puts them outside. O'BRIAN helps her*) I used to be housekeeper—well—(*O'BRIAN crosses*)—another little joke like that and ye'll have a sick man on your hands. (*ROSA crosses R.*) Sure I haven't had such a fright since the Governor turned me from my home in Ireland and thank Heaven he did—bless the dear old boy. Because he and I had different ideas of happiness. (*ROSA comes down R. of table to take rest of dishes*)

ROSA. (*R. of table*) You never told me what you and your father quarrelled about.

O'BRIAN. (*L. of table*) Didn't I now?

ROSA. No.

O'BRIAN. And don't ye know?

ROSA. I haven't the slightest idea.

O'BRIAN. (*Leaning over table*) Well—we quarrelled about you—

ROSA. (*R. of table*) About me! Why, you had never even heard of me! (*She collects coffee pot, etc.*)

O'BRIAN. (*Coming in front of table*) Ah—that was just the trouble. I told him all about ye—and so I left Ireland to find you—and convince the Governor that he was wrong and I was right.

ROSA. I don't know whether you know it—but I can't understand a single word you're saying. (*Takes things up to door—puts them outside*)

O'BRIAN. (*Sitting on corner of table*) Ye'll be surprised when ye do—(*ROSA comes down again L. of table*)—for I've a secret to tell ye about myself—and then you'll understand. In fact, I've two secrets to tell you—and one of them you can't help understanding.

ROSA. (*Stopping, business with dishes and coming down c. a step. Seriously*) It will be an exchange then, for I have a secret to tell you.

O'BRIAN. (*Crossing*) Ah, the saints grant you have two secrets and one of them is just like mine.

ROSA. (*Turning away to L.C.*) Mine is a terrible secret.

O'BRIAN. Terrible! Wait till ye hear mine—but—sure, I don't believe any secret of yours can terrify me!

ROSA. (*Turning back to him*) That is why I may tell you.

O'BRIAN. Mine is a beautiful secret—but it won't be a secret if I stay near you five minutes longer.

ROSA. (*Turning up c.*) Perhaps I'd better go and see what Sam's doing.

O'BRIAN. (*L. below table*) Perhaps ye'd better not—(*ROSA stops*)—for maybe I don't want to keep my secret any longer. I may be called away very suddenly and I'd rather never see Ireland again than leave here without telling you that secret.

ROSA. (*Rather flustered. Turning to couch, taking deerskin covering down and spreading it over table*) Dear me! Do—do you want to see Ireland very much?

O'BRIAN. (*Also a trifle flustered. Helping her lay the skins*) I do—but not as much as I want to see you see Ireland. (*ROSA comes down to chair R.C., sits. O'BRIAN crosses to her*)

ROSA. But I thought you couldn't return to your home on account of——?

O'BRIAN. I couldn't. But any moment I may gain the success that will open the Governor's heart and door to me—and then—well—I said to myself—"There's a girl, there's a girl," you are a girl, aren't you? Well, there's a girl who's my ideal. She can bring down a bull moose or serve tea in a drawing-room—I—in fact—she—I never ran out of words in my life before—so I'll come to the end—I—I—— (*He has gotten the corner of the tablecloth in his hand and is nervously stuffing it in his pocket*) Sure, I don't know what the devil I'm talking about. Faith, Rosa, it's an awful job to say—love—and not sound foolish!

ROSA. (*With a little laugh*) Is it?

O'BRIAN. But it's the one word I've been thinking of ever since I've been here. Sure, I've been dreaming it and trying to say it. It's so big when you think it—and—and kind of funny when you say it. But that's it, Rosa—I'm thinking it now—hard—and with all the strength there is in me. Rosa, I want you to be my wife.

ROSA. (*Looks at him a moment as though to answer, then realizing her secret she rises and crosses L.C. on the line. Showing how deeply she feels what he has said*) You haven't heard what I have to tell you.

O'BRIAN. (*Following her*) I'll hear it afterwards—I mean the terrible part. Tell me the other part—now!

ROSA. (*Stopping with her back to him*) How do you know there is one?

O'BRIAN. (*She turns to him*) I have a big feeling here in my heart and I can read a happiness so big in your eyes that it's all I can do to prevent

taking you in my arms and—and—showing you how strong I am.

ROSA. (*Laughing*) Are you—I mean—do you—er—have you?

O'BRIAN. (*Taking her hand*) Just tell me I've read your eyes right—

ROSA. (*With a little sigh*) You're awfully clever at reading faces.

O'BRIAN. (*Taking her in his arms*) Rosa, darlin'—I love ye—there—it's all over—I've said it—and it doesn't sound foolish after all, does it?

ROSA. Not to me. (O'BRIAN starts to kiss ROSA. *She frees herself gently*) Wait—

O'BRIAN. No—let's wait afterward.

ROSA. Before you say another word, I want you to know what is hanging over me.

O'BRIAN. (*Backs a couple of steps R. Music stops*) I know what's hanging over you—here it is. Tell me, dear, if ye want to—

ROSA. (*Turns up L. for a second—glances out of window and door. O'BRIAN crosses R.C. She comes down to lower L. corner of table. Looks around to see that no one overhears and after a moment's pause, speaks*) You've heard the men at the camp speak of Jed Brown— (O'BRIAN starts—looks at ROSA)

O'BRIAN. Oh, never mind Jed Brown—keep him out of this—two's company—three's a crowd.

ROSA. (*With an outburst*) He was a beast! He deserved what he got!

O'BRIAN. (*Starting back*) I dare say he deserved all he got.

ROSA. I wish I'd killed him.

O'BRIAN. (*Music*) Thank God ye didn't.

ROSA. You're strong and brave. You don't know the joy of having someone to tell—someone who can help—someone you love! Sometimes it

seemed as though I must tell—as though it would come out—as though I were about to scream it aloud and couldn't stop my voice. Down there in Calgary—before the police—a devil in me was crying—“Tell them—tell them—tell them how your brother——”

O'BRIAN. (*Starting back*) My God! Don't—don't, Rosa—don't say another word. Rosa—don't tell me any more! I don't want to know!

ROSA. I must—I must tell you.

O'BRIAN. Rosa, I'll not listen to another word. You shouldn't have told me! Good God! (*Crosses R.*)

ROSA. Why not? If nothing could make any difference——

O'BRIAN. I'll tell you why not. It isn't the difference you mean—but it will make a difference with you, sweetheart. You've told me your secret—it makes what I have to tell you more terrible. But I'll tell you, Rosa, and if God is good He'll help me to find the way.

RADLEY. (*Appears at door. As RADLEY speaks ROSA steps quickly L. O'BRIAN follows her. RADLEY comes down R.C. Music stops*) Mr. Kelway, I must see you quick! I'm sorry to butt in, but I must see you.

ROSA. I didn't know you knew any of the men.

O'BRIAN. I do this one. (*Crosses to RADLEY*) Can't you wait?

RADLEY. No, sir; you'll excuse me, Miss Larra-bee, won't yer?

ROSA. Why, yes. I'll go. (*Crosses up toward door*) But I don't understand——

O'BRIAN. (*Crossing up to her. To her*) I'll explain it all as soon as I get rid of him. (*RADLEY stands down R.*)

ROSA. What I told you seems to have changed you somehow——

O'BRIAN. No, dear, you're wrong. And you didn't tell me anything.

ROSA. But——

O'BRIAN. You didn't tell me anything—remember—you didn't tell me anything—— (ROSA exits c., turns R. O'BRIAN coming down around L. of table to c.) Well?

RADLEY. I've got good news. I know who killed Jed Brown.

O'BRIAN. Good news, eh! God! Good news!

RADLEY. I have found the man who carries a 41 calibre. He hasn't carried it lately—but there's only been one around these parts for some time.

O'BRIAN. (c., looks at RADLEY and draws himself up) Well?

RADLEY. (R.C. below O'BRIAN) It's not only the gun that gives him away—but I mentioned Smoky Pass to him—and I knew he was the man.

O'BRIAN. Who is it?

RADLEY. Sam Larrabee.

O'BRIAN. Her brother. (They look at each other for a moment in silence)

RADLEY. You'll get your lieutenantancy, sir. (With enthusiasm) And I my Sergeancy.

O'BRIAN. Nothing in God's world will make her believe me now.

RADLEY. I've worked hard for a Sergeancy, sir, and, thanks to you, I've got it. Will you let me be the first to shake hands with Lieutenant O'Brian? (He offers his hand)

O'BRIAN. Thanks for the sentiment, Radley; but I'll not shake hands on that. (He turns away L., thinking)

RADLEY. You don't act as though you cared a great deal.

O'BRIAN. Care, care, my God, man—I care more than ye'll ever know——

RADLEY. Say—— (*Crosses to him L.C.*) Do you mean his sister?

O'BRIAN. See here, Corporal—we're here as soldiers. (*Turns away*)

RADLEY. I'll send him in—he's unarmed and we can take him easy. (*Starts around R. of table to door*)

O'BRIAN. I'll take him—(*RADLEY stops R. of table*)—alone.

RADLEY. Oh! You want all the credit for getting him.

O'BRIAN. You heard my orders—send him to me.

RADLEY. (*Salutes*) Yes, sir. (*Starts to exit. HICKEY appears in doorway R.*)

HICKEY. Is Mr. Kelway here——?

RADLEY. Yes—— (*Points to KELWAY and exits*)

HICKEY. (*Coming down R.C.*) Oh—hello—Kelway——

O'BRIAN. Hickey—you shouldn't have come here—have you forgotten Miss Larrabee saw you in Calgary—she'd remember you——

HICKEY. I had to see you—I've found a trace of Snake Butler—and I want you—to—— (*ROSA's song outside*)

O'BRIAN. She's coming back—here, come out this way. (*Takes HICKEY out L. door. ROSA runs in singing, pauses at seeing no one, then crosses to foot of ladder—calls up*)

ROSA. Are you upstairs?

HAMNER. (*Appears at window*) Rosa—— (*ROSA turns. HAMNER enters. ROSA stands R. of table*) I've been waitin' fer a chance to see yer——

ROSA. Oh—have you come to say good-bye?

HAMNER. (*Going to table*) No, I haven't.

ROSA. (*Turning up to door*) Did you pass Mr. Kelway?

HAMNER. (*Crossing R.*) Mr. Kelway—Mr. Kelway! Before I leave here I'm goin' ter tell you a few things that'll make yer think more o' me an' less o' Mr. Kelway.

ROSA. Don't be foolish, Joe—

HAMNER. (*Leaning over the table*) I've stopped being foolish. You come down river with me to a preacher or Sam goes down with the mounted police.

ROSA. I'm not afraid of you any more. I was alone when you made that threat to me before. I'm not now.

HAMNER. Yer ain't? Who do you mean? Not Kelway— (*Laughs and turns down L.*) That's funny.

ROSA. (*Steps down stage to lower corner of table*) You may not think so—

HAMNER. (*Turning back to her*) An' you're countin' on Kelway ter help yer git Sam out er trouble, are you—do you love him?

ROSA. (*Turning as though to start for door*) You can question him if you like.

HAMNER. An' do you think he cares a damn about you?

ROSA. (*Going toward door*) You can ask him that, too.

HAMNER. Hold on, Rosa. (*ROSA stops*) I'll save yer fool brother in spite o' you. (*ROSA comes down R.C.*) Because I love yer. I'll save you an' risk trouble for myself, because I love yer. I'll finish Kelway's show with you, if he hangs me for it. Do you know who he is? No, you don't. Well, I do. His name *ain't* Kelway.

ROSA. (*R.C.*) Well, what of it!

HAMNER. (*At L. corner of table*) You let him make love to yer, did yer? (*Music*) You think he'll help your brother, eh? By God! That's funny! Why, he's Victor O'Brian o' the Mounted, an' he's after the man who killed Jed Brown.

ROSA. Do you think you can frighten me that way?

HAMNER. Honest ter God—yer can ask him. He's out there now—(*Points to door L.I.E.*)—with his pal from the States, a sheriff. Now, if you want to save Sam, git him out o' the way quick. (*ROSA hesitatingly starts for door, stops at upper corner of table, turns on HAMNER*)

ROSA. Don't lie to me, Joe—it—it is a lie, isn't it?

HAMNER. There ai-'t no huntin' now. Why do you suppose he's stayin' here?

ROSA. For—for—me—— (*Turns away R.*)

HAMNER. What does he care for you? He's been making love to yer—to find out what yer know——

ROSA. (*With her back still to him as though to convince herself*) That's a lie!

HAMNER. Ask him if he ain't Devil M'Care o' the Mounted.

ROSA. (*In a whisper. HAMNER is against table, watching her intently*) Sergeant Devil M'Care. (*The horror begins to dawn on her. Standing motionless R.C.*) I told him—I told him Sam did it. I—I—— (*Perfectly naturally, crossing R.C.*) No—he couldn't have lied to me like that—he couldn't—he couldn't—— (*HAMNER edges round to R. of table, watching her*)

HAMNER. He did—didn't he? An' they'll hang Sam just as high whether he did or not. (*Stop music*)

ROSA. (*Starting for door*) I must tell Sam. He

must get away at once. (*Stops up L.C.*) Away—where—I've put the Mounted on his trail. (*Comes back to L. of table*) You go down to the gorge as though nothing had happened. I'll find Sam and warn him. (*Turns down L.*)

HAMNER. Remember—I've saved you an' your brother both—

ROSA. (*Turning on him*) Don't—don't! (*HAMNER up to door c.*)

HAMNER. All right—but I'll come back. (*Exit R., shuts door*)

ROSA. (*Goes up to window L.C.*) Where can Sam be? I must find him— (*Down to fireplace, reaching for rifle. Stops, thinking*) Oh! And all the time—he—(*She goes sobbing to door—staggers to door, opens it with both hands, pauses on threshold for last line then exits quietly c. to L.H.*)—was only—trying to find out—and—he made me love him. Oh—he needn't have done that—he needn't have made me love him— (*Exit. A pause. RADLEY enters, carrying rifle—looks around—crosses to door L., opens it*)

RADLEY. Mr. O'Brian— (*Crosses under O'BRIAN'S door and calls up*)

O'BRIAN. (*Entering, followed by HICKEY U.L.C.*) Yes—

RADLEY. I've found him—

O'BRIAN. Where is Miss Larrabee?

RADLEY. (*Pointing R.*) Gone off that way—but she'll be right here—I'll wait behind the shed.

HICKEY. What's doing?

O'BRIAN. This is Corporal Radley. Would you mind waiting with him?

HICKEY. (*A whisper or low voice*) Not a bit— (*Crosses to RADLEY at door*) What's up—is it your man?

O'BRIAN. Yes.

HICKEY. I'm with you, Corporal. (*Exit with RADLEY*)

RADLEY. You'll have a cinch, Mr. O'Brian—he's not armed. (*They exit c. door and off R. O'BRIAN looks out of window—walks down L., then back to L.C. where he stands facing the door. He shows the mental strain he is under. SAM enters and stops R.C., looks at O'BRIAN*)

SAM. (R.C.) You sent for me, Lee?

O'BRIAN. Yes. Are you armed?

SAM. Why, no.

O'BRIAN. Where's your gun?

SAM. Behind that deer skin. (*Points to wall R. of c. door at back*)

O'BRIAN. What calibre is it?

SAM. Forty-one.

O'BRIAN. Get it. (*SAM crosses to wall R.C., puts his hand behind the deerskin, takes down cartridge belt and gun and draws out a blued steel forty-one Colt. He crosses around—passes around the R. end and meets O'BRIAN in front of the table*)

SAM. Here it is.

O'BRIAN. (C.) Is it loaded?

SAM. (C.) Yes.

O'BRIAN. (C.) Put it on. (*SAM slips the Colt in holster and buckles on belt*) Now put your hands at your sides where I have mine.

SAM. (*Obeying*) What is this—a new game?

O'BRIAN. No, Sam, I'm Victor O'Brian of the Mounted Police—and now we start square. (*Pause*)

SAM. (*Giving him a sharp look first, then quietly and smiling*) Quit yer kidding.

O'BRIAN. I'm not fooling. I'm in dead earnest, Sam.

SAM. You're Sergeant Devil M'Care!

O'BRIAN. Yes.

SAM. (*With a start*) Well, what are you doin' here?

O'BRIAN. I'm after the man who killed Jed Brown. (*SAM's hand tightens and moves upward towards his holster*)

SAM. Well, what do yer come here for?

O'BRIAN. For you.

SAM. You damned——! (*Both men's hands go to the hilt of their guns. SAM's first. Pause*)

O'BRIAN. Sam, I want you to get me if you can. I can't say all I want to. When I think of Rosa—I—I can't tell you. But I'm a member of the Mounted Police and you're the man I'm after. There are not two ways. If I take you back to Calgary, Sam, it means hanging. So get me if you can.

SAM. You've been playing a game with my sister, have yer? It's all right to take me if you can, but why didn't you keep her out of it? You've made her love you. I know you're a quick man, but so am I. I know you've killed your man before—so have I. It's an even break—so let's have it. (*O'BRIAN gives a quick step up stage—pulling at the same instant. The position gives him the advantage of half a second, so that his gun is against SAM's breast as SAM's gun leaves the holster. The picture is held for a second*)

O'BRIAN. You're not as quick at this game as I am. I've had more experience. Put out your hands. (*With his left hand O'BRIAN draws a pair of handcuffs from his pocket. SAM lets his gun slip back in the holster and slowly holds out his hands. O'BRIAN crosses to him and locks the handcuffs on his wrists*) Old man, I guess you know what duty is. You and I were built to be friends, but I'm a soldier and there aren't two ways. You don't know

what this costs me. I love your sister and I wanted her to be my wife.

SAM. Well, I know there's nothing personal. I'm glad it's all over and I can look men in the face again. And when I—when I'm through I'd kinder like to know my sister was goin' to marry Victor O'Brian o' the Mounted. So if you're asking my consent, Lee—why, you've got it. *(He offers O'BRIAN his manacled hand. O'BRIAN seizes it. The door is quickly opened and shut and ROSA stands before them. ROSA stands for a minute motionless, the horror and tenseness of the situation showing in her face. Then, with a stifled sob she goes to SAM'S R. side)*

ROSA. Oh, Buddie, I did it! I told him! I thought he—I thought he loved me! *(She speaks through the dry sobs that shake her. There is no noise in her grief)* And I told him—I—I've killed you— *(SAM turns away his head not to let them see his face)*

O'BRIAN. (L.C.) Don't! Rosa—I—I can't see you suffer like this!

ROSA. (R. of SAM) Buddie, speak to me. Tell me you forgive me—

SAM. (C.) It's all right—little girl. He did right. See, my gun was on. *(ROSA quickly seizes it—SAM prevents her)* No—*(ROSA crosses R.)*—he took me square. It was hard for him, Rosa. He loves you, little girl.

O'BRIAN. Not now, Sam—don't speak of that now—

ROSA. *(Half frantic)* Don't you see what he is—he's a spy—who tricked me to kill you, Buddie, to kill you— *(Crosses to O'BRIAN)* You wouldn't have known he did it, but for me. I told you. I told you.

O'BRIAN. No—no—I wouldn't have taken him

on that. Believe me—I found the evidence against him myself.

ROSA. I *don't* believe you. (*Crosses L. distractedly, stands with back to audience*) You played with me to find out what I knew. And I told you. I told you!

SAM. Rosa——

ROSA. (*To O'BRIAN, crossing to him*) Oh—let him go. He's all I have in the world—you won't take him away like this—let him go—and—I'll marry you—I'll give myself to you if you'll only let him go.

O'BRIAN. (*Looking straight before him, he turns his back to audience, taking a step up stage. After a pause*) Sam, are you ready? (*Music stops*)

SAM. Yes.

ROSA. (*Crossing around R. of table to between SAM and O'BRIAN*) No, no, you sha'n't take him. It was my fault. He did it for me. He did it for me, I tell you. I'll go to the men at the gorge for help—you lied to me about yourself—you held me in your arms and kissed me to find out what you wanted to know—you coward—you coward——
(*Exit*)

O'BRIAN. Sam—what did she mean when she said you did it for her?

SAM. Oh, there's no use bringing her into it—I did it all right.

O'BRIAN. Why did you kill Jed Brown?

SAM. There was nothin' else to do——

O'BRIAN. Why?

SAM. That Sunday they was walking up Smoky Pass—he thought he was alone with her—and he tried to take her for himself——

O'BRIAN. Good God!

SAM. But I didn't like him none too well, and I follered him like a lynx—and when I seen him

a-holdin' her in his arms, and she a-strugglin' to save herself—I went right up to him—I didn't give him a chance to draw—I just shot him dead——

O'BRIAN. I thank God ye did——

SAM. And I'll take what the law says, knowin' my sister can look the man she marries square in the eye.

O'BRIAN. My life couldn't repay you for what you've done.

SAM. Yes—but I can't prove it—they wouldn't believe Rosa. They'd say she was lying to save her brother—and you know how the prosecutor will treat her—it's his business to hang me—and he won't stop at draggin' her name through the mud—to do it—God—that's the reason they lynch men in the States, to save their women from goin' on the stand. (O'BRIAN starts to unlock cuffs) Hold on, Lee. This means prison for you.

O'BRIAN. Prison for me—d'ye think I'd take ye in to give your life for what I'd have done myself? D'ye think I'll put Rosa on the stand where they'd make her die with the shame of it—— (Unlocking the handcuffs) No—you get away as quick as you can to Burnt Lake outlet—I'll send word to Rosa—then take her with you—here—here's your gun—— (Giving it to him)

SAM. You're a square man, Lee—you——

O'BRIAN. Never mind me—and get away. Radley'll be back any minute. If he sees you, he'll shoot you from the door. When you get to the edge of the woods, fire *two shots* and I'll know yer safe—— (Putting him out L.C.) Now don't stop for anything—you make a jump for the woods—and fire *two shots* when you get there—good-bye.

SAM. Good-bye, Lee—— (O'BRIAN puts him out L.3, and turns as RADLEY enters c. with rifle)

O'BRIAN. Well, Corporal, did ye get tired waiting—

RADLEY. Larrabee—where's Larrabee?

O'BRIAN. Sure, he's given us the slip—he's gone.

RADLEY. What! Which way did he go? How did he get away?

O'BRIAN. I let him go—

RADLEY. You let him—then I'll get him myself— (*Starts for door L., his gun down in his hand*)

O'BRIAN. No—no—ye'll not— (*RADLEY comes face to face with O'BRIAN, who has him covered with revolver*) Don't raise that gun—don't do it—

RADLEY. You're lettin' him go for the girl's sake—but you're ruining both of us.

O'BRIAN. He did right but he can't prove it. Keep that gun quiet—it's liable to go off—

RADLEY. For God's sake, O'Brian, let me get out there before it's too late—this means court martial and prison for you.

O'BRIAN. Don't ye finger that trigger, Radley—

RADLEY. I had him safe enough—if I go back empty-handed now—I'm disgraced—

O'BRIAN. You'll not go back empty-handed—

RADLEY. Why not? (*Two shots outside in distance*)

O'BRIAN. (*Quietly reversing pistol and handing it to RADLEY*) Because I'm your prisoner, Corporal—for treason to the Crown—

1 CURTAIN

2 PICTURE

3 ROSA

4 COMPANY

ACT IV

SCENE. *Smoky Pass at sunrise the following morning. The stage represents a plateau on a mountain trail. Back drop shows the valley with a distant range of mountains and one prominent snow-capped peak. A run comes down from R. to R.C., passing over rocks and fallen timber. Across the entire left side of the stage are the spruce and hemlock trees, some fallen, some upright, representing the rugged growth of the Canadian Rockies. L.C. is a small lean-to made of boughs. A tiny fire burns in the front of this. The entire stage is covered with fallen logs, rocks and dead limbs. At rise the first rays of the morning light have struck the snow-peak. RADLEY is asleep in the lean-to; O'BRIAN, still handcuffed, is seated on a log looking into the fire. AT RISE: Lights—O'BRIAN sits up—still handcuffed. He goes up trail.*

O'BRIAN. Rosa, darling, without you, I'M on a blind trail and I can't see the end.

RADLEY. (*Wakes; business as before*) What are you doing up there?

O'BRIAN. I'm watching the sun rise. Did you think I was fishing?

RADLEY. You'd better not try to get away.

O'BRIAN. Now, me brainy boy, if I'd wanted to make a get-away do you think I'd have quietly handed my gun to you?

RADLEY. Well, I warn you not to try it. I'll drop you in your tracks if you do.

O'BRIAN. Corporal, if anyone had told me you could be so disagreeable I'd never have believed them.

RADLEY. That Sergeancy meant everything to me, and you lost it for me.

O'Brian. Well, I tell ye, ye'll get mine.

RADLEY. That's all right, but it's not going to increase my popularity any, bringing you back in irons.

O'BRIAN. No, but it'll increase your pay.

RADLEY. You seem pretty cool about it—say you, do you know what treason means?

O'BRIAN. Yes, I know.

RADLEY. You let Larrabee go on account of that girl, didn't you? Well, you'll pay for it all right, all right.

O'BRIAN. All right—all right.

RADLEY. You don't seem to realize it means degradation for you, with fifteen or twenty years' hard labor. Do you know you've made yourself accessory to a murder—

O'BRIAN. Considering that you've been telling me so every half-hour like a cuckoo clock, I do.

RADLEY. Your being a friend of the Major's—won't help—he'd hang his own father—if he'd done what you have—

O'BRIAN. Corporal—ye know there's one thing I like about you—ye always try to cheer a man up—you have a disposition like two strange bulldogs. (*Hearing HICKEY R.*) Hello—what's this— (*RADLEY grips gun; business. HICKEY enters with MAG*)

HICKEY. Helloa O'Brian—thought if I walked most of the night I could catch up with you—before

you broke camp. (*To MAG*) Go on! How's the prisoner?

O'BRIAN. Sure, the prisoner's feeling grand. Did ye ever have this lad with ye for company—he keeps you laughing all the time. Helloa, Miss Mag—what are you doing here?

HICKEY. Well, I'm hot on the trail of Snake Butler at last.

O'BRIAN. Are ye—but——

HICKEY. Yesterday when we were waiting for you to take your man, the Corporal told me the crowd were at the gorge so I didn't wait to see the fun but lit, and I've found some of the Snake Butler cash——

O'BRIAN. Have ye row?

HICKEY. And who do you think had it?

O'BRIAN. I can't guess.

HICKEY. This girl Mag.

O'BRIAN. (*Rising*) Mag?

HICKEY. (*Seeing O'BRIAN handcuffed*) Well, what the——

O'BRIAN. Say, it is Hell—— (*Holding them out*) Oh—there's been a bit of a mix-up and Corporal Radley's in charge of things now. You say Mag had one of those gold double eagles?

HICKEY. Yes—Devil M'Care has taken a tumble, has he? But business is business with me. Corporal, will you kindly nip this girl for having some of the Snake Butler loot on her?

RADLEY. Sure. (*Rises*)

O'BRIAN. Just a minute, Corporal. I hate to be intrudin' in your private affairs, but while yer botherin' with this girl the man ye want will be making tracks. Mag, where did you get that money?

MAG. Ah ai't tellin' nuthin'.

O'BRIAN. Then you know something you could tell if you wanted to?

MAG. No, Ah don't know nothin'.

O'BRIAN. Mag, you love Joe Hamner, don't you?

MAG. No.

O'BRIAN. (*Smiling at her*) Tell me.

MAG. (*Hesitatingly*) Yes.

O'BRIAN. He gave you that gold piece.

MAG. (*Frightened*) No, he didn't give it to me.

O'BRIAN. I thought so.

MAG. (*Getting mad*) Ah tell you he didn't give it to me.

O'BRIAN. That's what makes me know that he did.

MAG. Bah!

O'BRIAN. Now if you tell me all ye know, I may be able to help you out.

MAG. (*Crosses to him. Touching the handcuffs*) Ah t'ink you got too much troubles yourself to help me.

O'BRIAN. Why do you want to protect Hamner? He didn't treat you right.

MAG. He treat me all right till he see Rosa. Why you don't take Rosa away?

O'BRIAN. I—I can't.

MAG. Maybe you got another wife?

O'BRIAN. No, that's not just the reason.

MAG. If Joe see he don't get Rosa he come back to me.

O'BRIAN. If he was in jail, he couldn't get Rosa, could he?

MAG. Then he couldn't get me too, eh?

O'BRIAN. Mag, if you do just what I tell you there is a chance for you to get Hamner back again. Tell me how he got the gold.

MAG. He don't give it to me, mah friend in the States he give——

O'BRIAN. I'm thinkin' his name's the Great Northern Railroad.

MAG. Mon Dieu! You think I steal?

O'BRIAN. I see you know what I'm talking about.

MAG. No, Ah don't, Ah don't know where Joe get it.

O'BRIAN. Then Joe did give it to you?

MAG. Bah! I t'ink you pretty good policeman. Maybe if Joe get Rosa, you marry me, eh?

O'BRIAN. Now, Miss Mag, you stick to Hamner because when we get through with him he'll be glad to marry you and live like a lamb the rest of his days.

MAG. Oh, I like you—an' Ah tell you something. De men at de gorge mad like de liable, dey coming up here to get Sam.

RADLEY. Umph—that's a good joke—

O'BRIAN. I hope you'll enjoy it. Maybe you've never seen a crowd of lumberjacks get good an' mad. (To MAG) Is Hamner coming with them?

MAG. No, he don't fight the Mounted, he come after.

O'BRIAN. Oh, I see, just to see if they've got me decently laid out. Now, I've got an idea way inside my head. Corporal, after the men go, if you're still alive, be ready to arrest Hamner.

RADLEY. What for?

O'BRIAN. For the murder of Jed Brown.

MAG. No, he ain't kill him.

RADLEY. Hamner didn't kill Jed Brown—Larra-
bee confessed.

O'BRIAN. Corporal, if you *begin* to think, you'll spoil everything. Who said Hamner killed Jed Brown?

RADLEY. You said—

O'BRIAN. Sure I said *arrest* him for the mur-

der—I never said that he did it. But I want him to think that I think he did it. Now, can ye get that through your skull? Mr. Hickey, I may be able to get Snake Butler for ye after all. (*Voices heard off up L.*)

HICKEY. Look out, here come the men.

O'BRIAN. Now, Miss Mag, if ye ever want to get Hamner out whole—don't say a word. Wait in the bushes until he comes. (*Exit MAG L.2*)

RADLEY. We'll have to fight for it.

O'BRIAN. I can't fight with these things on my hands.

RADLEY. It'll take all three of us. Will you give me your parole?

O'BRIAN. I'll give ye anything ye want.

(*Entrance of men. They come down the run. ANTOINE appearing first and calling for others—then comes down, meets RADLEY C. and swings axe for blow. RADLEY and HICKEY raise their guns—LONG JACK second with "cant dog." EASTERN crosses with "cant dog," ANTOINE and LOUIS with axes—ROSA, in the middle, comes down R.*)

ANTOINE. (*Calling*) Boys, here dey are—Sacre! Bah gar! You think you fool us an' tak' Sam away. Bah Jimminy Dieu—I goin' to splect you in two halves, ain't it?

RADLEY. Don't get too near with that thing, Antoine.

ROSA. Give Sam back to us—or we'll take him—

LONG JACK. Rosa, you'd better let us do the talking. (*ANTOINE steps back up run half-way. To RADLEY*) You made a little mite of a mistake

when you tried to put up a game like that on Russell's No. 13.

RADLEY. You men had better get back to your logs, you're dealing with the Mounted now.

EASTERN. We're dealin' with a couple of de-
ceivin' pups, and I reckon we ain't goin' to deal
gentle, so give up our man peaceable like or you'll
see hell uncorked right here.

RADLEY. (*His hand on the hilt of his gun*) Go
ahead and uncork.

EASTERN. (*In front of RADLEY—his cant-dog
ready*) You want it, do you?

O'BRIAN. (*Coming quickly up with hand raised
to stop a general run. up*) Boys, Sam isn't
here.

ROSA. What have you done with him?

O'BRIAN. Sure, if ye must know, he gave us the
slip and he's gone. Gone! Now, clear out, the lot
of you!

ROSA. Free. (*To O'BRIAN*) Did he get away
—or did you set him free?

RADLEY. He let him go—

ROSA. You let him go—

RADLEY. Yes, but he's going to—

O'BRIAN. That'll do, Corporal.

ROSA. (*Crossing to O'BRIAN. Almost shouting*)
How come you to set him free?

O'BRIAN. (*Looking at ROSA*) Because what he
did was right.

(PICTURE)

LONG JACK. Gosh! I guess we came to the
wrong camp for a roughhouse. (*ROSA is R., O'BRIAN
L., men C. ROSA sinks down on a log R. and buries
her face in her hands, O'BRIAN watching her. He
steps down from the log*)

O'BRIAN. Thanks. Now, boys, you mustn't forget the logs waiting for you at the gorge.

ANTOINE. (*Starting up the trail, followed by LOUIS*) Ah forgot it de logs was waitin'.

JACK. Rosa, ain't you comin' back with us?

ROSA. No—I——

ANTOINE. You're all right, Irish, you're all right. Yes, Irish. She's all right.

LONG JACK. I guess ye are—I do' know though—yes, that's *one thing* I am sure of. (*They exit with the Canucks, R.C.*)

RADLEY. Well, I don't see that anything so much has happened.

O'BRIAN. Sure, it hasn't—not yet. Hamner's a cute one all right. Now, you two men go back and find him. You'il not have far to go—when you see him—arrest him quietly for that murder, and fetch him along.

RADLEY. And leave you here alone? Not much——

O'BRIAN. (*With a glance at ROSA*) Sure I'll not be alone.

RADLEY. (*Takes out handcuffs*) But——

O'BRIAN. Corporal, if you've any kindness in ye at all, keep those out of sight until she goes. Man—this is the only chance I'll have to say good-bye—and I don't want her to know what's waitin' for me in Calgary——

RADLEY. Well, I'll take a chance.

HICKEY. I suppose you know what you're doing, but I'm damned if I do. (*Exit RADLEY and HICKEY. O'BRIAN crosses to ROSA up run R.*)

O'BRIAN. Rosa—Sam will be waiting for you at the outlet of big Burnt Lake—but be sure no one sees ye go to him.

ROSA. What made ye set him free?

O'BRIAN. Well, I just did what I felt was right even though I knew it was wrong—

ROSA. But what does it mean to you?

O'BRIAN. Sure, it means I can look at the man I always see when I'm shaving—and not call him a blackguard.

ROSA. I mean—what will you tell them—at Calgary?

O'BRIAN. Oh—Calgary, is it? Now, don't worry your pretty head about it! I'll tell the Major all about it—and—sure he loves a joke—I can see him smile now—when I tell him. Faith, he'll laugh himself to death about it!

ROSA. You can't do what you've done—without paying a price. I know that.

O'BRIAN. 'Tis the price of happiness I'm paying—for I haven't been so happy—since yesterday—when ye told me—that ye loved me.

ROSA. Doesn't this mean prison for you?

O'BRIAN. I suppose there'll be a bit of a time in prison—a few years—and they'll be the happiest time I ever had—if you'll be waiting for me to come out.

ROSA. (*Looking at him*) And you can forget what I said—yesterday?

O'BRIAN. Sweetheart, there is only one thing ye said yesterday that I can remember—and that's been ringin' in my ears like a whole chime of wedding bells.

ROSA. (*Rising and giving him her hand*) Then remember this, too—when you go back—to pay for what you've done—for us—I'll be waiting—and counting every day until you can come to me.

O'BRIAN. Rosa—darlin'—sure I wish it was burnt alive I was going to be so I could feel I was paying the worth of that you're giving me.

ROSA. You'll come as soon as you can?

O'BRIAN. As soon as I can—— (ROSA in his arms) Good-bye, dear—— (Leading her R.)

Now, don't ye worry about me——

RADLEY. (Outside) Straight ahead——

(Enter HICKEY and RADLEY, bringing in HAMNER. MAG enters and ROSA stops back with her)

O'BRIAN. Ah, here we are, I was right—ye hadn't far to go.

HAMNER. Say, Kelway—or O'Brian—or whatever your name is now—what's all this truck about my being mixed up in the Jed Brown business?

O'BRIAN. Only that ye killed him. Why do you ask?

HAMNER. You'll have a nice time provin' that.

O'BRIAN. Why, Joseph, ye surely don't think I let Sam go without having good proof that someone else did it?

HAMNER. Oh, I guess I'll stand pat.

O'BRIAN. Ye'll stand pat on the scaffold—if ye don't look out. Also, ye'll have to explain where ye got that gold piece you gave Mag.

HAMNER. I d'dn't give Mag any gold.

O'BRIAN. She says you did.

HAMNER. (To MAG) Did you blow?

MAG. Yes, I did—Ah fix it so you don't get Rosa.

O'BRIAN. Now, Joseph, don't lose your temper. Did you know the gold piece you gave Mag was stolen from the Great Northern Railroad?

HAMNER. I suppose each piece was named, eh?

O'BRIAN. Yes, this one's name was Jummy. They're the new issue, Joe, and Snake Butler got the only ones that came to this part of the country.

HAMNER. Who's Snake Butler?

O'BRIAN. He's a gentleman Mr. Hickey has

been trying to connect with for some time. Now, Joe, where did you get that gold? Mag, where did he get it?

MAG. Ah don't know but he's got more.

O'BRIAN. Where?

MAG. In a belt on him—now you don't get Rosa.

O'BRIAN. Wait a minute, Joe, your turn's coming. You were up here when Jed Brown was killed.

HAMNER. And I saw Sam Larrabee kill him.

O'BRIAN. Forgive me if I hurt ye, Joseph, but I don't believe ye.

HAMNER. Rosa saw it, too.

O'BRIAN. Now, that's very peculiar, for after talking it over carefully we find that both Rosa and Sam saw you shoot Jed Brown.

ROSA. No, I—— (O'BRIAN motions her to silence)

HAMNER. Saw *me*, why should I shoot Jed Brown?

O'BRIAN. I'll tell ye, Joe, if you'll not let it go any farther. Ye shot him to get that belt that Mag says yer're wearin'.

HAMNER. That's a lie.

O'BRIAN. Maybe, Joseph, I'm not saying not, but it sounds so much like the truth that it's liable to hang ye. Take it off him, boys.

RADLEY. Put 'em up.

O'BRIAN. Now, Mr. Hickey, I think ye'll find something that'll surprise you.

HICKEY. The money Snake Butler stole from the Great Northern Railroad!

RADLEY. O'Brian, you'll have company going into Calgary.

O'BRIAN. Hamner and I'll both do you credit, Corporal. But you give me a minute more, will ye? (*Impressively*) I've just caught the tail of an idea that—oh—me precious jewel of a detective—it's

been right under our noses and we never smelt it——

RADLEY. Well, hurry it up.

O'BRIAN. Joe, this is an unpleasantly tight place we're in, and it looks as though we'll both go to jail, but I have a nose on me that smells hope for the two of us. Tell me how that Snake Butler loot came to be on Jed Brown.

HAMNER. Will you get me out of it if I answer you?

O'BRIAN. Mr. Hickey, will you give this man immunity if he leads you to the capture of Snake Butler?

HICKEY. You bet I will.

O'BRIAN. And if I get you out, will you be good to Mag?

HAMNER. Yes.

O'BRIAN. Now answer square—after the express robbery, Snake Butler came up here and paid you for hiding him, didn't he?

HAMNER. Yes.

RADLEY. Then, where did he go?

O'BRIAN. Ah, my boy, that's the cream of the joke. He stayed right here—and took the name of—of—— Come, Radley, even *you* must see it now—he took the name of——

RADLEY AND HICKEY. Jed Brown!

O'BRIAN. Good for you, Corporal. You saw it as soon as he did. Jed Brown was Snake Butler and Joe here will prove that fact for us and save his own skin—won't you, Joe?

HAMNER. Guess I'll have to.

O'BRIAN. Good! Then I'll admit between ourselves that ye didn't kill anyone.

RADLEY. Hold on, you're going too fast for me.

O'BRIAN. Sam Larrabee is entitled to the United States government's reward for killing Snake Butler, isn't he?

RADLEY. I guess he is.

O'BRIAN. That is—he killed a man with a price on his head, so he isn't a murderer, is he?

RADLEY. I suppose not.

O'BRIAN. Then I can't be held for lettin' a murderer go, can I?

RADLEY. No.

O'BRIAN. Then I'll take charge again, Corporal, and the first thing I'll do is to order you to clear out and leave me alone for a moment.

RADLEY. Come on, we'll look for more of the stuff.

(WARNING)

O'BRIAN. You'll get your Sergeancy and Mr. Hickey can have the blood money. *(They start off)*

HAMNER. O'Brian, if I could have jailed you without hangin' myself I'd 'a' done it. *(Starts off R.)*

O'BRIAN. Thank ye very much, Joe—Joe, you've forgotten something.

HAMNER. *(Stops, feels his pocket, then notices MAG)* Eh? Oh, come on, Mag. *(Exits R)*

ROSA. I—I hardly know what's happened.

O'BRIAN. Well, darlin'—it comes down to this—would ye rather be married in Calgary—or from old Castle O'Brian?

CURTAIN

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SCENES

ACT 1. A Broker's Office
ACT 2. Parlor of a Country Home
ACT 3.

TIME: The Present

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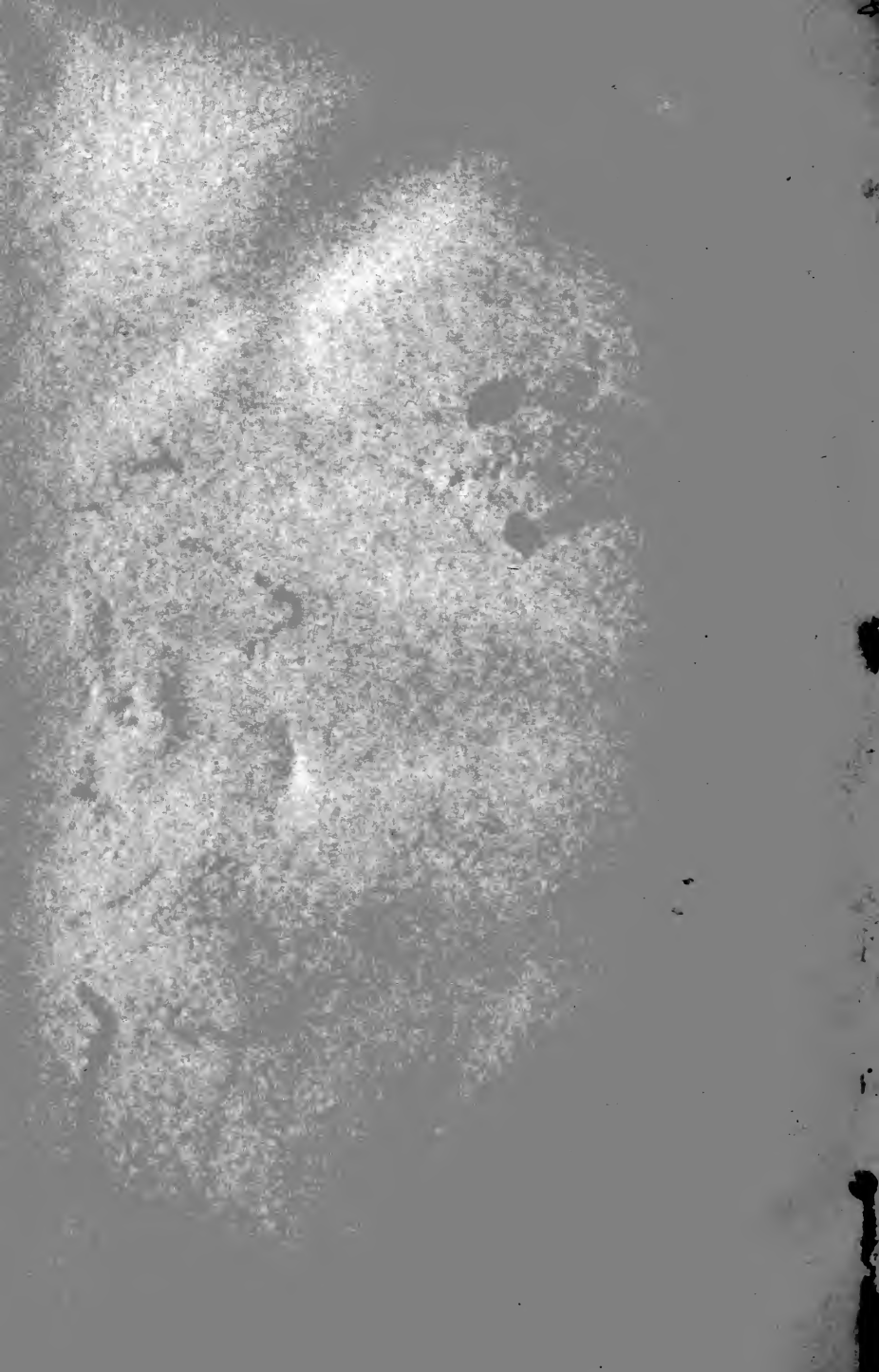
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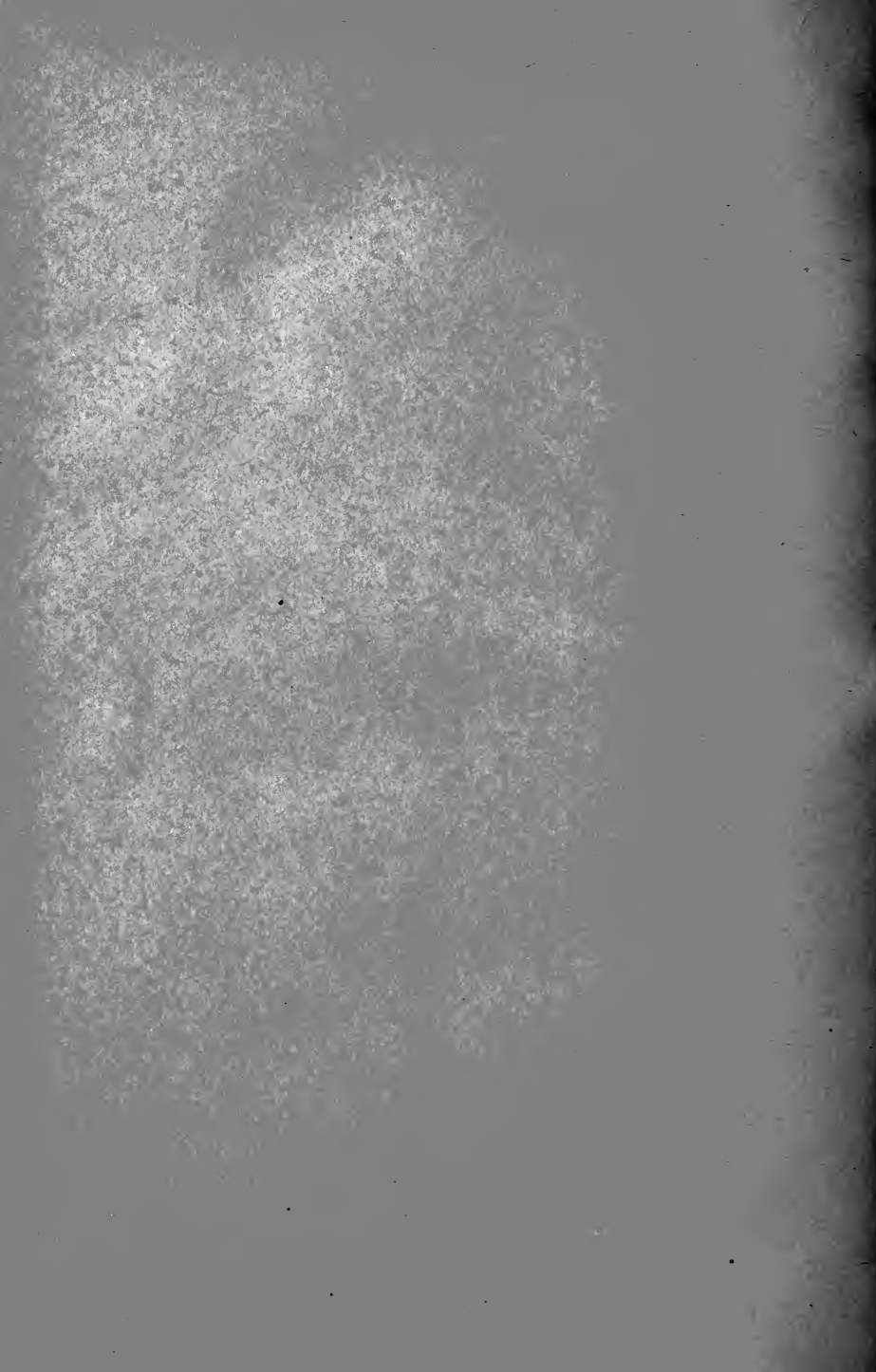
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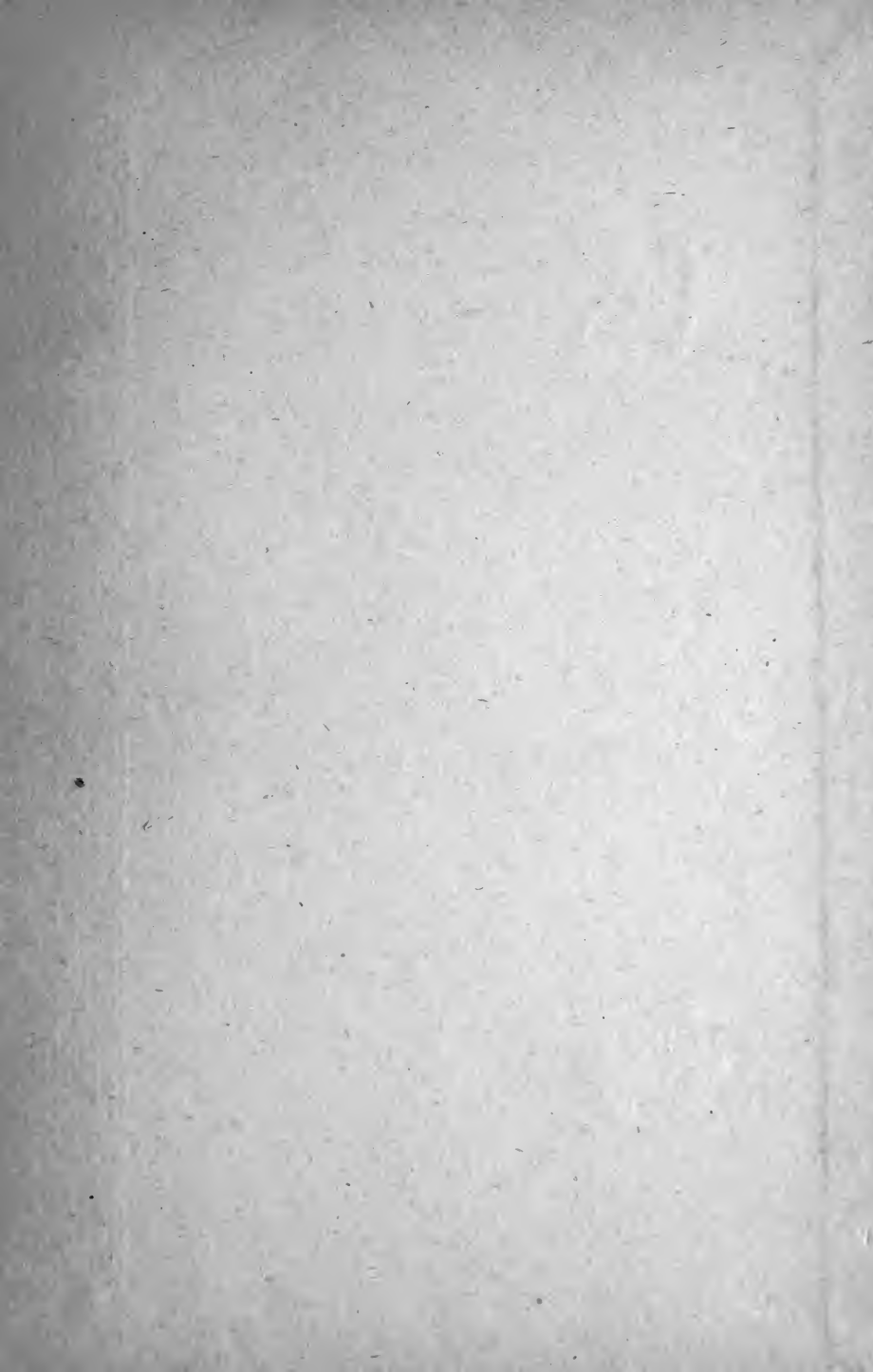












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